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Chatsworth, and its gardens, designed by Henry Wise and George London: from a painting attributed to Jan Siberechts, c. 1707 (see 'Henry Wise and the Formal Garden', page 98)

In this number:

The Liberal Muse—I (A. G. Lehmann)

Evil Genius of the Wilhelmstrasse? (A. J. P. Taylor)

The Survival of the Goncourts (Robert Baldick)

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The Listener

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CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

Why Men Strike Today (T. T. Paterson) ...	87
Australia and Indonesia (Geoffrey Sawyer) ...	89
Japan's Foreign Policy (Ian McDougall) ...	91
Self-government in the Commonwealth—II (Sir Ivor Jennings) ...	95

THE LISTENER:

Professors in Combat ...	92
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ...	92

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

A Portrait of Archbishop Makarios (Geoffrey Godsell) ...	93
Finds at Hampton Court (Leonard Parkin) ...	93
A Pyrenean Ceremony (Nina Epton) ...	93
Touring Theatres among the Scots (Iain Crawford) ...	94

GARDENING:

Henry Wise and the Formal Garden (David Green) ...	98
Summer Vegetables and Fruits (F. H. Streeter) ...	100

HISTORY:

The Liberal Muse (A. G. Lehmann) ...	101
The Policy of Friedrich von Holstein (A. J. P. Taylor) ...	102

LITERATURE:

The Survival of the Goncourts (Robert Baldick) ...	104
The Listener's Book Chronicle ...	113

NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	106
--	-----

POEMS:

Golden Calf (Norman MacCaig) ...	108
Homecoming (Kenneth Gee) ...	108

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

From Stephan Schattmann, Herbert Jones, Professor G. O. Sayles, Bertram Henson, Professor A. Closs, Horst Adamietz, Freda O'Halloran, R. W. Chapman, and Clifford W. Gillam ...	109
---	-----

ART:

Round the Galleries (Quentin Bell) ...	112
--	-----

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ...	120
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ...	121
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ...	121
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ...	123
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ...	123

MUSIC:

Music Under the Aragon Princes (Gilbert Reaney) ...	125
---	-----

BROADCAST SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ...	127
---	-----

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	127
---------------------------	-----

CROSSWORD NO. 1,316 ...	127
-------------------------	-----

Why Men Strike Today

T. T. PATERSON on the psychology of strikes

AS Asa Briggs said in his historical survey*, there has been a marked change in the nature of strikes since 1926. Nowadays they tend to be shorter, they are frequently unofficial, and the issues at stake are seldom concerned with real wages and conditions. In short, the motives tend to be very different from what they were at the beginning of the century.

It is this question of motive which interests the psychologist, or, to be more accurate, the social psychologist, since it is the attitude of mind of the group of strikers rather than the individual striker which is significant. And since these strikes appear to come in cycles, or trigger off others, it is likely that there is a motive or motives which might be common to a great number, if not all.

We know that strikes are not directly related to economic indices. Mr. Kenneth Knowles' textbook on strikes shows that strike proneness varies from region to region and job to job. South Wales miners, for instance, are more liable to strike than the Durham miners, and miners seem to come out more readily than steel workers. He came to the conclusion that these modern strikes have their roots in what he calls imponderables—causes that cannot be measured. This means that the tendency to strike, or the attitude of mind which shows propensity for strike action, is related to a belief system of some kind. I do not know enough about the difference between Durham and South Wales miners but I can see why Scottish miners are more inclined to strike than the Midland miner. And there is certainly a difference between our Clydeside engineers and those of Birmingham.

The tone of the Glasgow engineers' attitude is set by shipbuilding. That is what is known as a 'hard' industry. Since the unit of production, the ship, is large, it is difficult to arrange for a regular supply of work. As a result, men are continually being hired and fired, and when they are not required in the shipyards they have to find work in

adjacent factories. At any rate that used to be the procedure, though it is now less severe. But it has given rise to an attitude of rebelliousness in the minds of those men, driving them together into closely knit trade union branches whose solidarity is strongly defended. The Clydeside is not 'red', but it is anti-authoritarian, and action by management is carefully and suspiciously scrutinised. The men see their rights clearly in ethical terms, what is good and bad, right and wrong. These days, these men strike not because their livelihood is endangered, but because they feel their rights as human beings are not observed.

The number of strikes is not a good criterion of the intensity of the emotion which drives men. This virulence, if we might call it that, is more accurately measured by combining the numbers and length of strikes with the numbers of men involved. By this means we can show how the virulence of strikes varies over the years. The astonishing result is that, although the extent of these fluctuations varies, the same pattern is to be found in almost every industry. In other words, these fluctuations are nearly independent of occupation, wage rates, and physical working conditions. There appear to be other causes which are active nationally. And these causes may quite well be national attitudes of mind towards work and not towards wages. If so, we may ask why so many strikes are apparently on matters of wages. They are usually a justification for striking, for the real cause is only felt and not understood. I discovered how this comes about when I studied a miners' strike, ostensibly over a wage change. The strike began because the weather was too good to go down the pit, went through a long series of complaints, and finished up in a demand for an all-round wage increase. Nevertheless, even though wage demands may not be the true cause, an analysis of why wages are so often used to justify striking can be helpful, as I propose to show.

We talk of strikes as industrial war, and by that we recognise that

the men who are striking are aggressive. No observer of a strike could fail to be impressed by the aggressiveness of the strikers. The most common causes of aggression are fear and frustration. We can eliminate fear as a motive in modern industry. For the only fear that can activate men is fear of want, of insufficient earnings or none at all, and that at present is seldom possible, for the ordinary peaceful negotiating procedures take care of that. We are left, therefore, with frustration. To my mind the two basic drives felt by men at work are the drive to do a worth-while job and the drive to belong. If these two drives are frustrated we can see why men use wages to justify their discontent.

Two Ways of Looking at Wages

Men see wages in two ways. First, they see it obviously enough as income; but secondly, and still more important, they see their wage as an expression of their worth in society. You say to a man 'Who are you?' and he tells you 'John Smith'; that is, he is a person, distinguished from others by that name. You say to him 'What are you?' and his reply will be something of this kind: 'I am a doctor', 'I am a miner', 'I am an engine-driver'. He, a person distinguished as John Smith, has meaning in being a doctor, miner, or engine-driver. That is to say, his work makes him meaningful. Take away his work in society and a man becomes as nothing. It was Dostoevsky who said that to reduce a man to nothing there need only be given to his work the character of uselessness. We know that the unemployed man degenerates because he has no work, because he is meaningless in society.

In a complex industrial society, with its modern equivalent of a caste system, the wage is the most appropriate symbol of a man's significance in his work, so frustration of the desire to be significant will lead to aggression justified in terms of wages. The arguments about wage differentials are to be seen not as a reaction to fear or want but to frustration of the drive to be worth while in society and to be recognised as such. This is often behind the trouble in fixing incentives and in introducing new methods through work study, all in the campaign for greater productivity. It is no use management (and government) saying to the men in such a situation that the end is productivity, for to them productivity cannot be an end. The end that is worth while is the value of the human being, 'the dignity of labour', as it is so often called.

There is an important contrast between attitudes in this country and in the United States. Here, greater productivity is the end and man and his work are regarded and treated as means towards this end. So the men resist. In the United States, higher productivity is the means towards the end of enhancing the dignity of man. So the American worker co-operates in encouraging mechanisation and new methods. None of the Anglo-American productivity teams could see this fundamental distinction, though they sensed it.

Management, I find, regards wages from a totally different angle. It sees wages as costs. It inevitably regards labour in terms of costs and, even though the classical economists' theory of labour as a commodity is long since dead, management still thinks and acts that way. The workers' labour is something which is bought, and is seen in the balance sheet as an inescapable cost.

Buying Good Human Relations

Because management thinks of labour as cost, it tends to think of everything connected with labour as cost. It believes that it can buy good human relations. Last year, for example, both the British Transport Commission and the National Coal Board, having acceded to wage demands, expected increased efficiency and productivity. Even the respective trade unions said the same. Their later disappointment is the result of failure to appreciate the fundamental difference of view. Management thinks that because men are paid more they will work harder. Men think the reverse: that if they work harder they will be paid more. Management cannot buy good industrial relations; it must earn them. Some think that profit-sharing schemes can buy good relations, but they cannot, as was made perfectly clear at the recent meeting of the Industrial Co-partnership Association. Whatever happens, management cannot help but think of labour as costs: the clash between management and men will remain.

To return to the concept of man and the meaning of work. The work is significant, or worth while, only because it is clearly related to other functions necessary for achieving the purpose of the factory. It is not what is done that matters so much as why it is done. Some work is more important in achieving the purpose of the factory and

so is considered more worth while. Sometimes this worth-whileness is gauged in terms of physical effort, or of skill, or of responsibility, and is usually symbolically appraised in wages. When a man says he 'wants to know where he stands', he means he wants to know how his work fits into the whole. He becomes part of the community of functions and the men fulfilling them, and being part he feels a sense of belonging. If he is frustrated in his desire to know where he stands, to be doing something worth while, he loses the sense of belonging and becomes insecure. He then sees no purpose in his work. For him it becomes mere labour and as such is something to be escaped from. As an individual he might escape by being an absentee, by leaving the factory, by lowering his productivity, even unconsciously by having an accident. As a member of a group he goes on strike.

There seems to be a general protest against management's inability to satisfy these needs of worth-whileness and belonging. In our changing society we seek to recognise the dignity of labour. We do so implicitly when we reject the concept of man as a cog in the machine. We talk of industrial democracy. We hear about Christianity in industrial relations. We are bombarded by platitudes about the desirability of good human relations. All of this we may lump together as the need for humanism in industry.

Up to recent times, industry was organised wholly for the purpose of production and profitability. Today it must satisfy a third purpose as well—humanism. It is fundamental theory in sociology that if the purpose of a group alters, so must its organisation. Management has tried to do this by the addition of joint consultation. This is suspect by the men and therefore fails. How could it but fail when even the Minister of Labour says joint consultation is 'for making proper use of the creative energy of the workpeople'—that is, productivity? But the Minister also says that human understanding is essential to good industrial relations. That is, he recognises that joint consultation is invariably used to increase productivity and that we need something more to satisfy humanist needs.

The National Coal Board

The National Coal Board is a good example of how structure is incompatible with the humanist needs of the workers. It is organised primarily for production and profitability. The miner, seeking in the socialist nirvana of nationalisation an outlet for his humanist needs, finds himself frustrated. Says the miner: 'It's just the same, it's only the brass plate that's different'. The Fleck Report on reorganisation of the Coal Board is not a straw in the wind, it is a very big pointer, although it has no expressed theoretical basis.

But it is not only management that has failed to change with changing purpose. The unions are at fault as well. Because industry was organised for the purpose of production and profitability, the unions likewise had to organise for the purpose of achieving good wages and conditions. That organisation and the ritual of collective bargaining built up round it has been successful for the purpose. But to wages and conditions is now added humanism. The unions must alter their structure to suit that purpose. The weakness of the present set-up is apparent in their attitude towards joint consultation where they have not yet learned when to bargain and when to consult.

Let me give an example. In a light-engineering factory the operatives were working in three groups, two on a single day shift and one on a double day shift, and this arrangement had been operating for some time, all the shifts being expert in their particular work. One group wanted to change about on alternative weeks with the double day shift, and approached the shop stewards, who took it to the works consultative committee. The works manager, acting as chairman of the committee, decided it could be done and gave the necessary order to the departmental manager. He, foreseeing difficulties, pointed them out, but carried out the changeover. The change worked fairly well, but an order for a new product demanded the skill of the shift workers trained to the particular job. The departmental manager reported this to the works manager, who ordered a reversal to the original shift system. The departmental manager then told the shop stewards that the order had been given by the works manager. The shop stewards flatly refused to allow the return to the old system, saying 'It was decided at the consultative committee'.

The union leaders feel this need for humanism but do not know how to satisfy it. They, too, are frustrated and, like the men, they can rationalise on wages and go on demanding more increases. Or they can take aggressive strike action on side issues. We call it irresponsible,

(continued on page 97)

Australia and Indonesia

By GEOFFREY SAWER

MOST people think that Australia whole-heartedly supported the Indonesians in their struggle for independence from the Dutch, and, that being so, a good many people have been puzzled at the attitude which the Government of my country, Australia, has taken towards Indonesian claims to the ownership of West New Guinea or Irian, which the Dutch still occupy and govern. The nature of the Indonesian claim to West New Guinea has never been clearly defined; sometimes they speak as if West New Guinea had actually been ceded to them by the Dutch, under the various agreements giving them first self-government and then independence; and at other times they speak as if the title had not been transferred but should have been because of some moral or political claim.

West New Guinea is not inhabited by Indonesians, and was not historically part of Indonesian territory. It is inhabited by primitive Melanesian tribes, and is notable mainly for having a little oil, though not a fraction of the oil which Indonesia proper possesses. Australia's Minister for External Affairs, Mr. R. G. Casey, has consistently supported the Dutch and opposed the Indonesians on this matter, and in doing so he has had the full support not only of the governing Liberal-Country Party coalition to which he belongs, but also of the Australian Labour Party opposition in our federal parliament. When the Indonesians brought their claim before the United Nations Assembly last year, Mr. Casey even opposed having the matter put on the agenda; I doubt whether the Labour Party would support that attitude, and indeed I have heard members of Mr. Casey's own party express the view that the subject is suitable for discussion in the United Nations. But there can be no doubt at all that there is a wide measure of agreement between the three major parties in Australia that the Dutch should stay in West New Guinea, and this view probably has the support of a majority of Australian voters. Does such a view represent a change in Australia's attitude towards Indonesia? Have we repented the support which we gave the Indonesians against the Dutch?

The Indonesian archipelago consists of more than 2,000 islands stretching over an area about the size of Europe, with a population of about 77,000,000, more than eight times the population of Australia which has just passed the 9,000,000 mark. At its north-western tip, Indonesia is less than fifty miles from the Malayan peninsula, and at its south-eastern tip it is about 500 miles from Australia's north-western coast. If the Indonesians

governed West New Guinea, they would abut immediately on Australian-owned Papua and on the Australian Trust Territory of New Guinea. Indonesia is thus a natural bridge from Asia to Australia, and one of the mysteries of history is why Asian peoples did not long ago come along this bridge to colonise Australia; their failure to do so is one of the reasons we white Australians advance for keeping the place to ourselves. We were game to put up with and eventually overcome the hardships of drought, poor soils and lack of indigenous food plants which may have repelled the otherwise bold navigators of China, Mergui, and Java.

The Japanese set out in 1941 to repair the lack of initiative displayed by earlier Asians. Their radio propagandists kept assuring Australia that they aimed to turn our deserts into a vast waving cotton and wheatfield for the benefit of the Japanese Co-Prosperity Sphere, which was an optimism as extreme as the pessimism of their Asian predecessors. There is another land bridge to Australia, over the Philippines, and the Japanese took that route as well. But the Indonesian bridge starts closer to Asia and ends closer to Australia. It is impossible to say how far modern techniques

of warfare make such pieces of military geography irrelevant, and in any event we Australians have to consider the possibility that in future wars we might at any time be a side-show where the primitive weapons of the days before Hiroshima and Nagasaki remain important. So for us the role which Indonesia played in 1942 cannot be forgotten.

The Indonesians and ourselves are good trade neighbours. We buy about £18,000,000 worth of petroleum from them a year, and about



Primitive tribesmen of Dutch New Guinea on the Lorentz river



Map showing the islands which make up Indonesia

£4,000,000 worth of tea, coffee, rubber, and suchlike, and since we sell them only about £5,000,000 worth of wheat, butter, and manufactured goods, we help them to meet their general unfavourable trade balance, and we also send them a great deal of Colombo Plan aid in goods and technical advice.

When the Japanese overran south-east Asia in 1942-3, they soon found themselves in a dilemma over the question of Asian nationalism. Many Asians welcomed them as deliverers from the white yoke, and the Japanese needed to encourage that feeling; to this day, many Americans and Australians resent the fact that no Asian thinks it a very serious crime to have collaborated with the Japanese, so that collaboration trials broke down in India and Thailand, and indeed eventually former collaborators became leaders in various of these countries, notably Pibul Songgram in Thailand—or perhaps you will say Siam—and Soekarno in Indonesia. But such men curried favour with the Japanese partly because they had little choice, and partly in the hope of extracting early independence from the Japanese—or, in the case of the Thais, preventing its destruction. Actually the Japanese militarists were as enthusiastic empire builders as any white country has ever been; there was an amusing and instructive conference of the Co-Prosperity Sphere in Tokyo in 1943, at which Japanese apologists trotted forth all the standard arguments of white imperialism to explain why the Burmese, Indonesians, Indo-Chinese, and Filipinos were not yet fit to govern themselves. Indeed, in some areas, notably Indonesia, the Japanese had helped to prove their own case by killing off native administrators who had been trained by the previous colonial power. I was in charge of short-wave radio broadcasts transmitted from Australia to Japanese-occupied territory at that time, and we found it both easy and effective to cast doubt on the theory that the Japanese came to liberate the Asian colonies.

However, when in 1944 it began to become obvious to the Japanese that they would be defeated, they began to make more concessions to Asian nationalism, and some of their colonial satraps were even far-sighted enough to see that they could create future trouble for the Allies by encouraging local independence movements. They did not carry out this policy in Indonesia until the very last gasp, but to some extent it was true that the Indonesian republican movement was Japanese inspired. However, I think that the Netherlands Government attached too much significance to that fact, and underestimated the extent to which the Indonesians, and particularly the Javanese, supported Soekarno and his followers. When the latter proclaimed the independence of Indonesia in August, 1945, immediately after the Japanese surrender, those of us in Australia who had studied these problems were in no doubt that this was a formidable movement, and that Australia, as the nearest Allied country, would have to make a difficult choice between the Dutch whose men had died beside ours in the naval battles around Java in 1941, and the Indonesians who had as good a claim to misgovern themselves as the Indians to whom the United Kingdom had promised complete self-government, or for that matter as we Australians.

This problem found the Allied governments unprepared and without a policy. During the war, my propaganda work had been carried on in the light of directives from the joint chiefs of staff in Washington, with footnotes by our own service authorities and our Department of External Affairs. Now the directives abruptly ceased, and the footnotes became the text. I must repudiate the notion that either the Australian Government or the Australian people at once adopted a firm and unequivocal policy of supporting the Indonesians. They were just as

irresolute and undecided as the United Kingdom and the U.S.A. The United Kingdom's position was well illustrated by the actions of General Christesen, the hero of the Burma campaigns, when he took the Japanese surrender at Batavia, or Jakarta as it is now called. He refused to allow Dutch forces to land there, but he also refused to allow the self-proclaimed Indonesian Government to occupy the capital. The Americans endeavoured to wash their hands of the problem; General MacArthur was directed to keep right out of the area, and although American equipment was not denied the British were asked to remove American markings before using it. The Australian Government from the first gave a good deal of diplomatic support to the Indonesians, but it also sold military equipment to the Dutch forces, allowed the latter to land in areas of Indonesia held by Australian forces, and gave no support to the communist-led wharf unions which tried, unsuccessfully, to hold up the loading of supplies for the Dutch forces in Australian ports.

As for the Australian people, they argued vigorously about the problem, in parliament and in the press. It became in the end substantially a party question. The Labour Party tended to support the Indo-

nesians, partly from a traditional hostility towards colonialism or imperialism, partly because there had been personal friction during the war between Dutch representatives in Australia and our Prime Minister, Mr. Chifley, partly because of a doubt bred by the events of 1941 as to whether the Dutch could ever defend Indonesia any better than the Indonesians. But the Australian Labour leaders were not at all insensitive to the danger that an Indonesian republic would have weak, unstable governments, might be open to communist infiltration, and, if it did become powerful, might be a danger to the White Australia policy which is above all a Labour heritage. The non-Labour



Warriors of Dutch New Guinea

parties on the whole supported the Dutch, partly for crude commercial reasons, partly because of a sense of obligation to the Dutch for their war record, in Europe as well as in the Pacific, and partly because of justified doubts about the ability of the Indonesians to run a government of their own. But the non-Labour leaders were not at all insensitive to the danger of offending touchy Asian nationalism in countries, like India, whose friendship might well become more important to Australia than the friendship of any country in the world except the United States.

Hence you can see that the present Australian attitude towards Indonesia is not the result of any shift of policy. It is a change of emphasis, in a situation where there was a very even balance of opinion. Labour was in power from 1945-1949, when the first Indonesian crises arose, and, on the whole, especially in the later phases, supported the Indonesians. The Liberal and Country Parties are now in power, and remain somewhat more favourable to the Dutch, but are still fully conscious of the necessity for good relations with the Indonesians, as shown by the recent appointment of Professor Walter Crocker to the Australian Embassy in Jakarta. Professor Crocker, formerly my colleague at the Australian National University, goes to Indonesia from the Australian High Commissionership in India, which is one of the three key posts in the Australian foreign service.

The main change in emphasis in Australia has been in the Labour Party. Events in Indonesia since 1945 have strengthened the doubts of those Labour men who were always uneasy about Indonesian independence. The endemic civil wars in North Sumatra, Sulawesi, and the South Moluccas have not all been due to the machinations of Dutch or Dutch-trained adventurers. The prolonged delays in holding general elections, the exclusion of the most important Moslem party from the

provisional government, the sporadic clashes between the armed forces and the Government, and other such matters have shown plainly that the Indonesians, through no fault of their own, were not in fact as ready for self-government as the Indians. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, the danger of communist aggression has become a major issue in Australia, and strong influences in the Australian Labour Party, especially religious ones, now tend to put fighting communism ahead of all other aims. The present Indonesian Government of Mr. Ali Sastriamidjojo depends for its existence on the support of twelve of the seventeen parties represented in the provisional parliament, and of those twelve one is the Indonesian Communist Party and one the Indonesian Trotskyist Party. Although the somewhat fluctuating membership of those two parties does not make up the whole of the Government's majority of about twenty-eight*, the situation does lay the Indonesian Government open to the charge, serious in Australia, that it depends on communist votes. In these circumstances, it is not surprising that the major Australian political parties now prefer Dutch to Indonesians as neighbours in West New Guinea.

I have tried to give an estimate of majority Australian attitudes on these questions. What do I think myself? I strongly supported the Indonesian republicans in 1945, and still think it was a risk that had

to be taken. No important country was fit to govern itself at the time it first acquired self-government, and the time to take the plunge can never be worked out on wholly rational grounds. I think that apart from the inevitable and predictable weaknesses of Indonesian self-government, resulting from the administrative and technical inexperience of the people and the ravages of war, the Indonesians have made some serious mistakes; they repudiated altogether a federal system which might have accommodated communal differences, and which they may now be forced to resume; they rejected too early various forms of Dutch assistance.

For whatever reasons, it is plain that the Indonesians have more than enough on their hands to be able to spare the talent necessary for governing a backward, primitive people of a totally different culture, such as the New Guinea Melanesians. If Indonesia has a legal claim to West New Guinea, it should be submitted to the World Court. If they feel their claim to West New Guinea will not stand legal scrutiny, they should drop the matter and concentrate on such domestic matters as ending civil strife, holding general elections, and educating their people to the level where they can exert the powerful influence in Asian affairs justified by their numbers, their strategic position, their potential wealth, and their ancient culture.—*Third Programme*

* The majority has declined since this talk was recorded.—G.S.

Japan's Foreign Policy

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. correspondent in the Far East

THE words 'neutralism' or 'neutrality' are not popular with the Japanese leaders. They prefer the word 'independence'. The thought that lies behind this distinction is that, despite its recent disastrous past, Japan is a great nation in Asia and may again come to be accepted as a great nation in the world. The policy today is to try to reach individual settlements in specific disputes with other countries and, above all, to develop the economic potential which is seen as the nation's only logical hope of achieving both prosperity at home and influence abroad.

Primary Importance of Trade

It is no accident that the Japanese delegation to the Asian-African conference at Bandung consisted largely of economists, who interested themselves almost exclusively in the promotion of trade and scarcely at all in politics. It is no accident that Japan recently renewed its trade agreement with communist China, despite the fact that the most profitable items on the agreed list of goods are still on the strategic embargo list. It is no accident that the Japanese negotiators in the peace treaty talks with the Soviet Union in London are anxious to secure fishing rights which would bolster the economy of the Japanese fishing industry and help solve the domestic food problem. It is no accident that in negotiations about atoms for peace in Washington, the Japanese representatives insisted that they should not be tied too closely to the United States; the idea at the back of their minds being that one day it may be more profitable to deal in atomic matters with the United Kingdom and other countries.

Under these circumstances, it is also no accident that Japan has a foot in both camps. From both camps it wants things—specific, concrete things—which are important, if not also vital, to its future development. It is aware that it must also give something in return. The remarkable caution with which nearly every Japanese leader approaches international problems today is largely based on the difficulty of calculating how much can be given and taken without compromising an eagerly sought independence.

What international ties has Japan, so far? Let us consider first those with the communist world. Japan has entered into talks with the Soviet Union aimed at restoring normal relations after the war. The Western Allies, of course, restored normal relations with Japan long ago. The Japanese want to have the opportunity of catching more fish off their northern coasts, and to do this they need territorial concessions, notably in the region of the Kurile Islands, which they once owned. They would also like to have back South Sakhalin, Shikotan, and Habomai, and Soviet guarantees of support for a seat in the United Nations would be welcome. The return of more than 10,000 Japanese prisoners of war

—though all trace has been lost of about 8,000 of them—would not only be welcome, it would, indeed, be expected.

With communist China Japan is already in frequent contact although its Government does not recognise the Government in Peking. Most of the contacts are made by Japanese business men. A treaty about Japanese fishing rights in the East China Sea has been successfully concluded and put into effect, and a trade agreement between the two countries, providing for the exchange of £30,000,000 worth of goods each way, was recently renewed. Many of the goods involved are on the strategic embargo list, and there is no reason to think that the agreement will lift Japan's trade with communist China much above last year's level, where only one per cent. of Japan's exports went to China, and only two per cent. of Japan's imports came from China. Both these percentages are negligible compared with the pre-war ones. Later this year, if the Government approves, Japanese business men want to send a delegation to North Korea.

These ties with the east are sometimes embarrassing for Japan in its relations with the west. For example, both in South Korea and on Formosa, there have been unofficial protests against Japanese trading with the communists. But some measure of support came recently from an unexpected quarter when Senator George, the Chairman of the United States Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said that Japan should be able to trade in non-strategic items with communist countries in order to avoid what he called 'cut-throat competition with American producers'. This statement was made shortly after Japan moved a significant step nearer to full membership of GATT—the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—and towards the prospect of bigger exports to the United States, which, under the GATT agreement, would considerably reduce its import tariffs and open the way to sharper Japanese competition, notably in textiles.

Treaty Offer

The United Kingdom is not yet prepared to give Japan full GATT treatment, but British and Japanese delegates are talking about renewing the present trade and payments agreement, which at the moment is running in Japan's favour, and the United Kingdom has offered Japan a treaty of commerce and navigation, an offer which has not yet been taken up.

In south-east Asia, Japan has been talking about war reparations settlements with the Philippines, and hopes also to reach agreement with Indonesia. Settlements have already been made with Burma and Thailand. Japan needs the natural resources of the area, and last year an organisation was set up to promote Japanese trading interests there. So far, however, its achievements have been slim.—*Overseas Service*

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The Geneva Conference

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

Professors in Combat

DR. PIETER GEYL, the distinguished Professor of Modern History in the University of Utrecht, who lived for many years in this country, has just reprinted a number of his essays under the title *Debates with Historians*.* Among them are two broadcast talks he gave in the Third Programme and which were published in THE LISTENER. But the bulk of the book is occupied by criticisms of Professor Arnold Toynbee's celebrated *Study of History* that he completed in ten volumes last year. Dr. Toynbee found a pattern in the genesis, rise, decline, and fall of civilisations: in his last four volumes which deal with universal states and universal religions he measures civilisations by the test of whether they have contributed to higher religions; and while the Christian republic appears to be his ideal, he expresses his 'personal belief that the four higher religions that were alive in the age in which he was living were four variations on a single theme' and that they may yet save us. But he takes a gloomy view of the prospects of western civilisation, disintegrating under the influence of defeatism and neo-paganism.

Professor Geyl's chief criticism of Professor Toynbee is that while the latter claims to be an empiricist, he writes not as a historian but as a prophet. A stimulating attempt to find a pattern in universal history, which had its influence in Britain after the first German war, was Oswald Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes*. Spengler despised professional history and his book is lit by bold and startling generalisations. Professor Toynbee, on the other hand, when he embarked on his *Study of History* claimed to employ the method of 'English empiricism' in preference to the 'German *a priori* method'. Professor Geyl asserts that the pretension of severe empiricism is 'hollow'; that Professor Toynbee's illustrations from universal history are drawn to illuminate a thesis already chosen. He argues that much of the history is false or illogical and that different illustrations might equally sustain an entirely contrary thesis. Other historians, besides Professor Geyl, have picked holes in Professor Toynbee's illustrations. Professor Toynbee could no doubt retort that Dry-as-Dust can find an answer for everything, but few besides himself and Spengler (and perhaps H. G. Wells) have ventured to tackle universal history.

In his final attack on Professor Toynbee, Professor Geyl has some harsh things to say. 'I feel an irrepressible urge', he writes, 'to testify against this false witness and indeed to criticise and oppose a system productive of such pernicious counsels'. Yet in his most devastating attack he speaks not as a historian but as a politician and indeed as a Dutch patriot. He observes, for example, that if the Dutch people had followed the realistic gloom of Professor Toynbee they would have submitted to the Germans instead of fighting on. 'But there will be', he adds, 'resisters upheld by a more manly faith, and as long as there are, it will be premature to talk about the dissolution of Western civilisation'. 'This prophet', he says of Professor Toynbee, 'usurps the name of historian . . . I regard his prophecy as a blasphemy against Western civilisation'. But whatever weight we attach to such criticisms, we must not overlook the debt of gratitude we owe to *The Study of History*. What the university historians tend to forget is that no one has a monopoly of truth, no one—not even Ranke, as Professor Geyl admits—is entirely objective and scientific in his interpretation of history. Just as Spengler stimulated thought among philosophers and historians thirty years ago, so Professor Toynbee does today. And though both serve a purpose, one would gladly sacrifice a thousand articles in the academic reviews for a book as brilliantly exciting as *The Study of History*.

* British agents: Batsford, 25s.

THE STATEMENTS MADE by each of the four heads of government on their arrival at Geneva regarding their hopes for the conference were preceded by two other authoritative statements—President Eisenhower's world-wide broadcast on July 16 and Marshal Bulganin's statement at a press conference in the Kremlin on July 15.

In his broadcast, President Eisenhower enumerated the burden of armaments, the captive nations, and divided countries as a few of 'the problems that plague the world'. He went on:

We want peace. . . . One ingredient has been missing from all previous conferences: an honest intent to conciliate, to understand, to be tolerant, to try to see the other fellow's viewpoint as well as we see our own. If we can change the spirit in which these conferences are conducted, we will have taken the greatest step toward peace and to a future prosperity and tranquillity that has ever been taken in all the history of mankind. . . . In his speech in Moscow, Premier Bulganin talked of conciliation and tolerance and understanding. I say to you—I say to all the world—that if the words he expressed are as truly reflective of the hearts and minds of the men in the Kremlin, as we are sure they are reflective of the hearts and minds of all the people in Russia, and of all the people in the world everywhere, then there will be no trouble between the Russian delegation and our own at this coming conference.

President Eisenhower went on to say that the free world had one great factor in common: it believed in a Divine Power and subscribed to the commandment: 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you'. And, after speaking of the 'mighty force' of prayer which would be offered up at this time, he concluded:

We shall be conciliatory because our country seeks no conquests, no property of others. We shall be tolerant because this nation does not seek to impose its way of life upon others. We shall be firm . . . but we shall extend the hand of friendship to all who will grasp it with honesty and concede to us the same rights, understanding and freedom that we accord to them. We shall do our best with others there to start the world on the beginning of a new road—a road that may be long and difficult, but which, if faithfully followed, will lead us all into a better and fuller life.

In his statement at a press conference, Marshal Bulganin said that the Soviet delegation would go to Geneva prepared to discuss frankly all points at issue between east and west, and would exert all efforts to find the way to achieve a relaxation of international tension. The two systems, capitalism and socialism, should 'prove themselves by peaceful economic co-operation'. After reiterating the Soviet proposal for a collective security system throughout Europe, Marshal Bulganin concluded that if the participants showed goodwill and sincerely strove to reach agreement he thought they could find 'a common language'.

Three days before Marshal Bulganin's 'very conciliatory statement', as many western commentators described it, Moscow radio broadcast an official statement proposing that both east and west Germany should be included in an all-European security system, as a first step towards German reunification. Denying that the Soviet Union was disinterested in German unity—denying also that she feared a rearmament united Germany—the statement accused the Western Powers of sacrificing German unification by the creation of a west German army and the inclusion of Federal Germany in the western alliance. It went on:

The question of free all-German elections is of course of a certain importance. But of more decisive importance is the question whether west Germany is to be turned into a military state or not. The main problem of the unification of Germany and of safeguarding European security must not be replaced by the subordinate problem of the way in which elections are held. If it is not possible to reach immediate agreement on German reunification, then the problem should be solved step by step, through a gradual relaxation of tension. This could be achieved by the formation of a European collective security system. Such a system could be joined by both east and west Germany, and eventually by a united Germany.

Many western commentators concluded that this Soviet statement on Germany 'adds nothing to western hopes that the Soviet attitude to Germany has undergone any important change'. From Switzerland, the *Journal de Genève* was quoted as saying that the west could not possibly accept a proposal which had already been rejected at the Berlin conference. But the drafting of a non-aggression pact between the two groups, permitting a reduction in armaments, could be considered, and it was here that the greatest hope of agreement lay.

Did You Hear That?

A PORTRAIT OF ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS

IN A TALK IN 'The Eye-witness', GEOFFREY GODSELL, B.B.C. Middle East correspondent, described a visit by Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Enosis movement in Cyprus, to a village school. 'As the Archbishop stepped from the car', he said, 'he was welcomed by the village priest and by school officials. A woman dressed in black pressed forward, bearing a silver tray. On it was a silver flask of rose water and a silver incense-burner in which was glowing charcoal. These she offered to the Archbishop. A few olive leaves were dropped on the glowing charcoal and a wisp of blue smoke rose from the silver tray. Girls' choirs sang the Greek national anthem, and there were cries of "Zeto, Zeto!", "Long live the Archbishop!"'

'The Archbishop is a striking figure with a commanding presence. He is young to hold high office in the Church, for he is only forty-one, though his beard is now turning grey. He was elected Archbishop and Ethnarch, or leader of the people, five years ago. His speech at the Yialousa secondary school was the last of the afternoon's proceedings. Before him there spoke in turn a whole series of local dignitaries and officials. As in such ceremonies in most parts of the world the audience seemed to find these speeches too long and too boring. The speakers read earnestly from sheet after sheet of notepaper on which they had written what they were going to say, usually in their own hand. The crowd shuffled and whispered, then chattered, and babies in arms began to cry. But when the Archbishop rose to speak the whole atmosphere changed.

'The Archbishop stood at the top of the steps leading to the balcony; his two hands, delicate and white, rested on the gold top of his black staff. His remarks flowed smoothly and melodiously; his voice is soft, though clear. When he wanted to emphasise a point he made a sweeping gesture with his right hand, revealing as he did so the royal-blue cuff of his cassock and the pure white cuff of his shirt sleeve, fastened with a gold cuff-link. He told the pupils never to forget the lessons and the Greek traditions they were learning in school. There was applause. He said that what they were fighting for was union with Greece. And there was more applause. "Long live union with Greece!", he cried; and the crowd took up the cry'.

FINDS AT HAMPTON COURT

Workmen who were stripping panelling from a room in Hampton Court Palace which was damaged by fire a few years ago have found some remarkable remains of the older palace that was built for Cardinal Wolsey and later occupied by Queen Elizabeth I. LEONARD PARKIN, a B.B.C. reporter, spoke about this in 'Radio Newsreel': 'The discoveries', he said, 'are such that you can almost imagine the builders have just knocked off for lunch and are round the corner having a bite of cheese and

a glass of ale. There is an arched doorway which you might imagine had been put up yesterday instead of for the first Queen Elizabeth. I spoke to Mr. John Charlton, Inspector of Ancient Monuments in London, who told me his theory. Apparently Queen Elizabeth was the meanest of monarchs, and never spent much on her buildings. Mr. Charlton thought she might have started some work on the palace, boggled at the cost, and stopped it. This doorway was never completed, and you can see its stonework marked out by the master mason ready for carving and his scrawled instruction in red pencil, with the date, 1585.

'Near this doorway you can see a group of scratched inscriptions in Latin in a pleasant Renaissance hand. One of them says "*Longa spes lente*"—"Long hope is slow". It is probably a sixteenth century notion of the proverb "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick". On the right of the door there is the message, again in Latin, "*Qui stat videat ne cadet*"—"Let him who stands see that he doth not fall". Underneath that are the words "*noli altum sapere*", a warning, obviously, for it means, "Be not high minded". There is an attempt under that to copy it crudely, probably by someone who was illiterate.

'There are a number of pencil drawings too—an ugly face, two Elizabethan ships, which experts say were the sort which fought the Armada, and there is an odd four-legged beast, probably a pantomime dragon because the Elizabethans were fond of pantomime. Near this strange animal are the words: "Remember thy end". On the first floor of the palace there is a door leading to a blocked circular staircase. The oak door is still there swinging on its hinges although the lock—valuable in those days—is significantly absent.

'The public will not be able to see the discoveries until next year, for workmen are still restoring the damage caused by the fire'.

A PYRENEAN CEREMONY

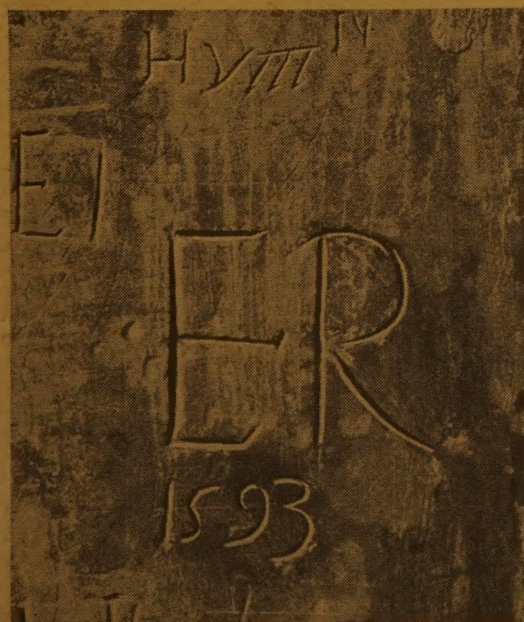
Each year on July 13 a ceremony takes place in the Pyrenean valley of Barétous which lies just below the Pic St. Martin. NINA EPTON described it in a Home Service talk.

'The frontier stone that marks the boundary between France and Spain', she said, 'is up in the clouds, 6,000 feet high, at the Pic St. Martin. This is the summit which sprang so dramatically into the news when the speleologist, Marcel Loubens, lost his life exploring the pothole of the Col St. Martin—which is about 100 yards from the frontier stone.

'Ever since 1375 the representatives of the pastoral peoples of the valley of Barétous on the French side of the Pyrenees and of the valley of Roncal on the opposite side of the Pyrenees, in Spanish Navarre, have met at this frontier stone on July 13. The French pay the Spaniards their annual tribute of three cows in payment of grazing rights, and the Spaniards, after having very carefully selected their cows,



Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus: a photograph taken when he was in London last year



The initials of Queen Elizabeth I, with the date 1593, revealed at Hampton Court when panelling was removed for repairs

invite the French to a celebration banquet upon Spanish territory.

'A French envoy came running down from the summit of the Pic St. Martin to announce that the Barétousains were already waiting by the frontier stone: "The Frenchmen have arrived . . . *Los franceses han llegado*" repeated the Spanish Mayor importantly, preening himself a little and picking up a simplified equivalent of a mace. His bodyguard formed round him, and all proceeded to climb to the top at a dignified, processional pace, while I ran up ahead to secure a good vantage point. The Mayor of Arette, flanked by the Mayors of Aramis and Lanne, were standing bareheaded by the stone. The two groups of Mayors now advanced, bowed, and shook hands with a gravely courteous smile while we bystanders crowded round to watch. One of the Spanish Mayors, after clearing his throat, took one step forward and cried three times: "Frenchmen, are you willing, as in years gone by, to present your tribute of three cows?" The Barétousains exchanged bemused glances (none of them appeared to have taken part in the ceremony before) but the Mayor of Arette understood Spanish and made the correct affirmative responses, echoed a few seconds later by his henchman and our shepherd, who muttered "*Si Señor*", with a strong French accent and a broad grin.

'Then one of the Barétousains placed his right hand on the frontier stone, followed by one of the Roncales, French and Spanish hands alternating as in a child's game until they were topped by the paternal hand of the Spanish Mayor who, punctuating his words with his mace, cried out again three times: "*Pax en avant! Pax en avant! Pax en avant!*"', repeated the Barétousains after him, with more enthusiasm than they had displayed until then.

'Now, it was the frontier guards' turn to appear before the Spanish Mayor and place their right hands on his mace while he asked them gravely: "Do you swear to discharge faithfully the tasks entrusted to you?" "*Si, Señor*", said the guards dutifully. The question and answer were repeated three times, in the manner of archaic ballads and rhymes, before the Mayor pronounced the threatening final sentence: "If you do so, God will reward you; if you do not He will punish you". God, the great impartial arbiter, invoked under the boundless sky.

'The simple patriarchal proceedings were almost over. An official from Roncal stepped forward to enquire whether anybody had any complaints to make. All shook their heads vigorously. Then one of the Frenchmen turned aside and whispered to his neighbours: "Well, what about the cows?" "Ah yes, of course, the cows . . . where are they?" said another. "Hurry up and look for them", urged the Mayor of Arette impatiently. Two of the Frenchmen ran off into the mist and whistled and shouted and coaxed, and eventually returned with a jangling crowd of about a dozen cows in front of them. The Spaniards appraised them rapidly with the shrewd eyes of experts. "This one—that one—and that one over there" they demanded, pointing. The French brought the three designated cows forward by their horns and the Spanish vet. forced their jaws open to examine their teeth. All three were declared to be sound and healthy; an official receipt was solemnly delivered to the Barétousains. The minutes of the proceedings (they had been typed out beforehand down in the valley) were duly signed by both sides upon the frontier stone.

'The business part of the proceedings was now over, and the Frenchmen stepped over into Spain with their traditional contribution to the

party: a barrel full of wine. The language barrier melted like snow in the sun before the freshly roasted mutton, the French wine, and the Spanish brandy. Even the mist had lifted, disclosing the splendid sweep of rock-strewn hills, and soon everybody was singing and 'fraternizing' and enjoying the age-old *fête* of July 13'.

TOURING THEATRES AMONG THE SCOTS

'For several years now', said IAIN CRAWFORD in 'Arts Review' (Scottish Home Service), 'the Perth Theatre Company in association with the Arts Council has spent two months of every summer in what I am fairly sure is the most extensive theatre tour in Britain. During its winter season, Perth has two companies which play alternately in Perth and Kirkcaldy, and during the summer the two companies are kept in being. In the spring, there is a tour to Orkney and Shetland, and then, about the end of May, the two companies pack their bags, load the scenery and props on to a lorry, and set out to take the theatre to places in Scotland which normally never see it.

'One company goes north on the Highland tour. This year's Highland tour will have played in twenty-three towns and villages by the middle of July, ranging from Forres to Tobermory and from Braemar to Stornoway. The Lowland tour is even more widespread—two plays taken to twenty-eight places in southern Scotland from Jedburgh in the Borders to Port Ellen in Islay.

'I have seen both the Highland and Lowland tours this year—always playing to capacity business. In Oban I saw a few hundred holiday-makers and locals crammed into the Argyllshire Gathering Hall in spite of the blazing sun outside, thoroughly enjoying a very smooth and entertaining performance of John Clements' amusing ex-French play, "The Happy Marriage". In Brodick the audiences, glad to get out of the torrential rain which poured down outside, steamed warmly, packed like sardines in the Public Hall.



A Dutch street organ used in the Soho Fair last week and described by Hans Knap in 'The Eye-witness'

to see Louis Verneuil's "Affairs of State" and Frederick Knott's "Dial M for Murder".

'In each play I was impressed by the standard of performance and presentation. Those Perth stalwarts, Jane Cain, Stephanie Bidmead, Edmund Bailey, and Antony Groser gave a largeness and ease to the cramped conditions in which they had to work which made it simple to overlook the elementary lighting and the discomfort of poorly ventilated halls, hard seats, and damp overcoats. What was not too easy to overlook were the poor sets.

'Travelling sets are, of course, difficult to design and still more difficult to maintain in anything approaching their pristine condition during the Perth peregrinations. But it did seem to me that the object of the designer should be to do something more than to construct a setting which was portable. "Affairs of State" and "Dial M for Murder"—two good plays for touring, by the way—are both set in fairly opulent surroundings. Neither of the sets—in a sort of murky grey—succeeded in conveying this impression, nor did they achieve what seems to me to be the necessary atmosphere of luxury and comfort to compel the illusion of Mayfair and out-of-town Washington in a village hall. But that is a minor point. To be just, no one in the audiences among whom I watched the Perth plays seemed to have their enjoyment diminished one iota by the sets. I could, however, award top marks to the set by Ken Calder for Arthur Macrae's comedy "Both Ends Meet", staged by Dundee's touring company'.

Self-government in the Commonwealth—II

Plural Societies

The second of eight talks by SIR IVOR JENNINGS

IN my first talk*, I mentioned the anxiety of the dependent peoples of the Commonwealth to establish democratic systems on the British model. What they do not always realise is that the success of the British Constitution depends in large measure on factors which cannot easily be reproduced. One is the long tradition of parliamentary government. That is important, but not fundamentally important, because it is easy enough to indicate the laws and conventions which enable the parliamentary system to function, and it then becomes a question of observing those laws and conventions in both the letter and the spirit. More important is a characteristic which cannot be copied, the remarkable homogeneity of the British peoples.

These peoples number about 50,000,000, of whom about 35,000,000 are adults and therefore have the vote. Education has been compulsory for seventy years, with the result that every elector, unless he is mentally deficient, can read and write. What is more, he does read. Nearly every household buys at least one newspaper a day, and the larger newspapers have circulations running into millions. Over 11,000,000 people have wireless sets, and at the peak hours about 12,000,000 people listen to broadcasts or watch television programmes. Thus the United Kingdom has an electorate every member of which is capable of taking an active interest in political questions. The number of people who actually vote at a general election is in the neighbourhood of 80 per cent., and among the 20 per cent. who do not vote are many who fail to vote because they cannot conscientiously support any candidate, and therefore exercise their franchise in a negative manner by deliberately not voting.

None of the dependent countries can produce such a record. Literacy figures below 20 per cent. are usual, and in many cases the rate is below 10 per cent. Even those who are described as literate contain many who never do read in fact. Wireless sets are expensive and therefore rare; television does not exist. One must not forget the importance of the discussions in the village, nor the learned villager who reads the newspaper to an audience every evening, nor the wireless set in the little restaurant. There are, however, villages which are accessible only by footpaths, to which a newspaper never goes, and in which there are no wireless sets. There are even tribes whose culture is virtually that of the Stone Age, and in which intensive efforts, spread over a couple of generations, would be needed even to explain the nature of representative government.

Language and Religion

The population of the United Kingdom is homogeneous both culturally and economically. Except in a few places in Wales and the west of Scotland, English is spoken, read, and written by everybody. There are differences of religion, but they are all within the framework of the Christian tradition. In India there are thirteen languages mentioned in the Constitution, and of dialects there are said to be over 600. There are in the dependent territories of the Commonwealth some languages which have never been expressed in writing, and many in which there is no literature other than a few school books and translations. In India there are Hindus of several types, Moslems, Buddhists, Parsees, and others. Few countries have the diversity of India, but it is merely the extreme example of what is called a plural society.

In the United Kingdom about 20,000,000 people, mostly householders, have incomes over £135 per annum, whereas elsewhere in the Commonwealth there are hundreds of millions of people on a bare subsistence level. Of the 20,000,000 mentioned, nearly 90 per cent. have incomes between £150 and £750 per annum, and because of heavy income tax this very large group receives nearly 80 per cent. of the total net income. What impresses the Englishman in Asia or Africa is not merely the poverty of the mass of the people but also the range of incomes. This means that the class divisions are wider in Asia and Africa than in the United Kingdom and those class divisions have important political consequences.

It is necessary to stress this homogeneity because the people of the United Kingdom are used to it and therefore do not appreciate its

political importance, while educated people in the colonies, anxious for self-government, do not realise that upon it depends in large measure the success of the British system of government. Politically it has two consequences:

In the first place, it enables a party system to be developed on national lines, cutting through all differences of race, religion, and locality. Three national parties put forward 98 per cent. of the candidates and win 99 per cent. of the votes. Indeed, every election is dominated by two parties, each containing representatives of every section of the population, putting forward some 90 per cent. of the candidates and winning perhaps 95 per cent. of the votes. Land's End and John o' Groats are represented by members of the same party, advocating exactly the same policy.

Voting for the Party

Secondly—and this is even more important—homogeneity makes it possible to speak of a continuous though changing 'public opinion' which has profound effects on the process of government. Each party has to put forward a policy which has some chance of securing the assent of a majority of the electorate. It is an exaggeration to say that electors vote for a policy and not for a person: it is more accurate to say that they vote rather for the general tendency of the party policy than for its details. It is true to say, however, that personalities count for little. It is commonly assumed that the personality of the candidate will not attract or repel more than 500 votes in an electorate of 50,000. Those 500 votes will make all the difference in a marginal constituency, but the general effect throughout the country is that 99 per cent. of the voters vote for a party and not for a person. Thus, every candidate depends for his election upon the policy of his party. A slight swing of opinion will be noticeable in every constituency and will cause the party against which it occurs to lose the election.

This means that the government in power has both to lead and to follow the movements of opinion. If it fails to do so, it will be turned out. This, in turn, means that the policy of the government has to be closely attuned to public opinion. Every government has to take unpopular decisions, hoping that its popularity will be restored before the next election; but the movements of opinion have to be carefully studied lest unpopularity develop like a snowball. Government by the people is thus a reality in the United Kingdom because in the long run, and often in the short run, public opinion decides.

If self-government in the colonies had to await the development of a population as homogeneous and as politically mature as that of the United Kingdom, it would never happen. The British Constitution has grown up with the British people. In a dependent territory one has to create institutions by legal enactments which will, one hopes, meet the special conditions of the country. Those conditions are, generally speaking, two. In the first place, the candidate for election generally depends mainly upon his personal, family, or tribal influence. In the second place, the population of the territory is so divided according to what is called 'community' that national parties are difficult to form. In India, Pakistan, and Ceylon there are national parties, formed deliberately by people of different communities, but it is rare for a Moslem to be elected for a Hindu constituency, or for a Tamil to be elected for a Sinhalese constituency.

The problem is not new. In my first talk I mentioned the problem of Canada. No solution of that problem was possible so long as the English-Canadians and the French-Canadians concentrated on their communal objectives and emotions. A solution was possible when the leaders of both communities agreed to sink their sectional differences in the larger patriotism. That larger patriotism did not involve the suppression of communal ideas. On the contrary, Quebec has been able to preserve its Roman Catholic religion, its French language, and its French law, precisely because its people thought of themselves not merely as French but also as Canadians.

The problems involved are, however, more clearly exhibited by India, Pakistan, and Ceylon. Two-thirds of the population of Ceylon

are Sinhalese by race and language and Buddhist by religion. Most of the rest are migrants from India, some Hindu and some Moslem by religion, and speaking Tamil. The differences between Sinhalese and Tamil are far greater than the differences between English and French or even between English and modern Greek. Buddhism and Hinduism are tolerant religions, and such conflicts as occurred in India between Hindus and Moslems have not occurred in Ceylon. Generally, the communalism of Ceylon, though pronounced, is not aggressive. What is more, the political leaders, though conscious of their communal origins and dependent on the votes of communally minded electors, managed to develop the larger patriotism which transcended communalism.

When the problem was studied by the Ceylonese themselves in the early 'forties, it became clear that it had been exaggerated. Two commissions had examined it, but both exaggerated it because they came fresh to it. Each minority group wanted to stake a claim for itself, and each exaggerated its claim. When one of the commissions added up all the minority claims, it found that if all were granted there would be no seats at all for the majority. The claims were exaggerated because the decision rested with the third party, the British, and it was assumed that the more one demanded the more one was likely to get. The claims were specially exaggerated when they were examined by a commission, because every politician became an advocate for his own community. The Ceylonese Ministers produced a compromise scheme, which was reasonably fair to all sections. Offered a choice between this compromise and the continuation of colonial government, all parties accepted the compromise, and so it proved possible to enact a Constitution which had almost unanimous support.

Difficulties Based on Caste

The problem in undivided India was far more complicated. It led eventually to the establishment of Pakistan and all the troubles, for millions of people, which flowed from the partition of India. Those troubles are by no means over, though a very real attempt is being made by the present Governments of India and Pakistan to settle all the outstanding problems. We must remember, however, that the problem of communalism in undivided India was not merely that there was a conflict between Hindus and Moslems. There were difficulties based on caste which are still noticeable in state politics in India. There were problems relating to the Sikhs and the Indian Christians. There were even divisions among the Moslems, which are still evident in Pakistan. A couple of years ago there was bloodshed because of a conflict among Moslem sects. The Moslems of East Bengal have social customs of a secular kind which distinguish them sharply from the Moslems of West Pakistan. The problems of provincialism and racial particularism among the Moslems of West Pakistan have been under examination for months past and have led to a decision to fuse all the provinces and states of West Pakistan into a single province. Both in India and Pakistan there are problems relating to linguistic groups. The Indian Constitution provides for thirteen state languages, of which four are Dravidian languages in the south and nine are Indo-Aryan languages in the north. Efforts are being made to add languages to the list, because there are many languages in India; and, if we add dialects, there are literally hundreds of them. Each linguistic group is a separate community, capable of organising itself into a political group. In Pakistan there has been a long conflict between those who wanted to have Urdu as the national language and those who supported the claims of Bengali also. Three more languages in West Pakistan may have to be recognised as official languages for some purposes.

This is by no means all. I described the United Kingdom as relatively homogeneous economically. We all know that the prosperity of the whole depends upon the prosperity of each. That is not so in Asia. At the one extreme are the poor villagers dependent entirely upon their lands, and even villagers who have no land at all; and there are the slum-dwellers of the town who live in conditions which no Englishman would tolerate. At the other extreme are the merchant princes of Bombay and Calcutta, far richer than the richest man in England. Nor must one think of the contrast only in economic terms. The great mass of the people of India and Pakistan cannot read, and there would be little or nothing to read if they could. Unlike the illiterate villagers of Ceylon, they never hear a newspaper read, listen to the radio, or even talk to a person who can read. There are villages to which there are no roads and which have never seen a motor-bus or a train. On the other hand, there are learned Brahmins and the ablest graduates of the universities.

Even so, I have not yet fully drawn the contrast. In India and Pakistan there are tribes so primitive that culturally they have not yet progressed much beyond the Stone Age. The anthropologists tell us that their native ability is as great as ours: but we and their Indian neighbours learn at home from our parents and friends a vast range of accomplishments and a whole complex of ideas which are the product of centuries of development. No doubt conditions can be changed in a few generations: but it takes a great deal of education to remove the consequences of a primitive home and tribal environment.

Local or Imported Oligarchy?

This contrast between homogeneous Britain and heterogeneous Asia is instructive, but it does not fully exhibit the problem of raising a colony to self-government. Hinduism, Islam, and Buddhism are philosophical religions which demand of their adherents some acquaintance with a range of ideas inconceivable to many of the pagan tribes of Africa. India, Pakistan, and Ceylon are the heirs of great traditions, older than those of Europe. No doubt the basic human material is everywhere the same, but the process of self-government depends upon the accumulated wisdom of centuries of development. It is useless to pretend that primitive tribes are not primitive or that the range of ideas necessary for self-government can be introduced by enacting a Constitution. The only effect will be to vest authority in a small, comparatively wealthy oligarchy. One must, of course, discuss whether it is better for a country to be governed by a few thousand university graduates drawn from the local population or by a few hundred administrators sent out from England: but it is not a choice between democracy and autocracy—it is a choice between a local oligarchy and an imported oligarchy, the latter being under the control of the parliament of the United Kingdom.

Government by imported officials is almost invariably more efficient because they have behind them the experience of the Civil Service of the United Kingdom and the traditions of the Colonial Service. It is sometimes said that, coming from a different environment, they are remote from the ideas and aspirations of the local population. I doubt whether this is so, and if it were so it would be an argument for the reform of the colonial services. There are, no doubt, cases in which frequent transfers prevent officials from acquiring an adequate knowledge of the people whom they govern. On the whole, though, the official recognises his responsibility and makes every effort to equip himself for his job. What is more, the organisation exists to enable him to do so. Nor must it be assumed that the local official is necessarily more familiar with the environment. A Bengali or Tamil member of the old Indian Civil Service was just as much a 'foreigner' on the North-West Frontier as an Englishman. Indeed, a person with a Christian background might find it easier to adapt himself to a Moslem environment than a Hindu could do.

On the whole, however, we have come to the conclusion that government by local politicians and officials should be substituted for government by British officials as soon as possible. An oligarchy which depends upon the votes of the mass of the population has to devote itself to their interest. The way to develop self-government is to develop self-government, government by local people, even if it is not, and is not likely to be for a couple of generations, democratic government of the type with which we are ourselves now familiar. Nor can we forget that we have been familiar with it for not much more than two generations. In any event, it is impracticable to continue governing a territory after it has developed a fairly substantial educated class, for that class will simply refuse to collaborate, and we shall find ourselves not developing democratic government but imposing autocratic government by coercive measures.

Delay in India

By 1945 the efficiency of the Government of India, the pride of that efficient body, the Indian Civil Service, had sadly deteriorated, because the politicians of the Indian National Congress had decided that government must be forced to break down in order that it might be vested in their hands. The delay in India was not due entirely to the British refusal to transfer power: the problem of the conflict of Hindu and Moslem was much more serious than the Congress represented it to be. Nevertheless, I think that most independent observers would now agree that it was not well handled by the United Kingdom in the interval between the wars. Many of the allegations of the Congress politicians cannot be sustained at the bar of history. In particular, there is no evidence of an intention to divide India in order to maintain British

rule. On the other hand, much more rapid development of self-governing institutions would have been possible after 1919: possibly the partition of the sub-continent could have been avoided by adequate concessions to the Moslems at a much earlier stage, before the demand for Pakistan grew out of the conflict; and, almost certainly, the distressing consequences which flowed from the over-rapid transfer in 1947 could have been avoided. The Congress Government which has been in power at the Centre since 1947 has undoubtedly suffered from defects, but on the whole it has shown a capacity at least as great as its immediate predecessors under British rule. State government has been much less efficient than the Central Government, but it would not have been more efficient had the government of India remained in British hands.

Ceylon is perhaps a stronger case, for there the transition was effected smoothly and communalism has been much diminished since the Ceylonese politicians assumed the responsibility. No doubt this was due in large measure to the skill and tact of the first Prime Minister, Mr. D. S. Senanayake. Not every country will be able to produce such a leader. Even so, it must be admitted that Mr. Senanayake's qualities were not appreciated until he was summoned to London in 1945. He was apparently thought of as a negative fighter, a permanent leader of an irresponsible opposition. His constructive abilities were recognised in London before they were fully appreciated by the representatives of His Majesty's Government in Ceylon.

There is, too, one difficulty in Africa and the West Indies which did not arise in Asia. As I have said, where there is a plural society or, in other words, where acute communalism exists, it is necessary to develop the larger patriotism, spreading beyond merely personal or communal considerations. That can happen only where the various communities regard themselves as belonging to a national unit. There was no difficulty in Ceylon, because every Ceylonese thought of himself as such, even when he also thought of himself as a Sinhalese, a Tamil, or a Moslem. That development really occurred in the present century, after the growth of the nationalist movement. Before 1900 the word 'Ceylonese' was rarely used. In Burma there was rather greater difficulty, because a person who was Burmese by race did not so readily think of himself as Burman by nationality, or, in other words, consider that the many Indians and others in the country were Burmans like him. In India there was even more difficulty, because the Moslems developed the theory of the two nations, the Hindus and the Moslems, the people of Hindustan and the people of Pakistan. On the other hand, a substantial majority of the people did think of themselves as Indians, not merely as Hindus, Sikhs, Christians, and the like: and not all Moslems accepted the two-nation theory. In any case, the creation of Pakistan solved that problem. The Indians have deliberately established a secular state, in the hope (which has not proved vain) of

weakening religious as well as other communal loyalties as political factors. Pakistan was founded on a religious basis, and so there is greater difficulty in assimilating the Hindus of East Bengal and other minorities. On the other hand, everybody speaks of a Pakistani nation, not merely of a Moslem nation.

In Africa many of the units of government are artificial, in the sense that they were created by British rule comparatively recently. If those units are to become nations, it is necessary that a national tradition should be created, and this takes a couple of generations. One way to solve this particular problem is to divide a territory into smaller and therefore more homogeneous units: but this creates another problem, that of creating a unit large enough to become an independent state. Sometimes, in fact, the existing units are too small for that purpose, and it is necessary to create larger units in which at present no national sentiment exists. The West Indian colonies provide the best example because they are distant from each other and each has developed interests of its own. Only recently have West Indians begun to think of themselves as West Indians.

On the other hand, the units are too small for self-government. Accordingly there is a choice between a considerable number of isolated units, none of them possessing international status as independent countries, and the federation of the colonies into a single independent country. It would not be difficult for a constitutional lawyer to produce the necessary machinery on paper, but it is one thing to produce a paper constitution and another to create the machinery which will work effectively, and it clearly will not work effectively unless there is a sense of belonging to a West Indian nation. Here, therefore, our problem is not merely to overcome sectional differences within each colony, but also to create a larger patriotism spread over a very wide area, among people who hitherto have had little or no conception of a common objective. There is a similar problem in central Africa, made even more complicated by the divergent interests of Europeans and Africans.

This is another problem which did not arise in Asia. There the Europeans, though economically important, were too few to have any electoral importance. They could rely on the value of their enterprise being essential to the economy of the country. The position is much the same in West Africa, where accordingly it has been possible to push ahead with the development of self-governing institutions. On the other hand, the Europeans are politically important in central and east Africa, while in east Africa there is a third group important both politically and economically, the people of Asian origin, usually known as Indians. Thus, the problem in east Africa, or at least in Kenya, is to get Europeans, Indians, and Africans, whose economic importance is in inverse proportion to their numbers, working in some sort of partnership.—*Third Programme*

Why Men Strike Today

(continued from page 88)

because we do not understand them any more than they understand themselves.

If this analysis is correct it enables us to recognise two kinds of strike. First, the localised strike which begins with frustration at local, factory level, a frustration of internal needs centring on local wage differentials, incentive schemes, technical changes—the result mainly of poor management. Secondly, the widespread strike, often triggered off by a localised strike, with frustration at national level, concerned mainly with industrial wage differentials and inter-union squabbles. We have, for example, the late railway strike, concerned clearly with wage differentials. The A.S.L.E.F. and N.U.R. cannot settle problems of differentials, for they have no procedural techniques for so doing: far less the British Transport Commission. That is why the matter had to be left to a judge. But the award is merely a treatment of the symptoms. The cause remains, and trouble will almost certainly appear again. The unions and the Commission will have to alter their organisation. There is also the inter-union dispute between N.A.S.D. and T. and G.W. Something must be wrong in the docks when men will stay on strike for so long after being ordered, cajoled, and coaxed to return. The failure lies in the structure of the unions either in making it difficult to find out what is wrong, or, having found this out (which I doubt) not doing something about it. The men are rejecting the

union. The miners in unofficial strikes do the same, rejecting the ponderous N.U.M. machinery with a cry that is so common it has become a myth: 'Two years and nothing has been done'.

I might sum up by saying that the present-day strikes appear to be the result of a strong social drive towards humanism in industry. Sociologically speaking, these strikes are social pressure upon management and unions to make them alter their organisation. Management, in particular, must reorganise. It has not yet learned how to earn good industrial relations; its present structure is not suited to that purpose. The men do not want to run industry. First, they want management to recognise that labour is not a commodity separate from the man; and, secondly, they want a clearly defined organisation of managerial authority against which the value of their work, and so of themselves, can be appraised. They want to know where they stand.

It is possible to devise theoretical structures for humanist purposes, but these theoretical structures have no meaning unless their purpose is stated. This is not so easy. The broad purpose, production, profitability, and humanism brings us into the field of social ethics. That is the domain of the philosopher, upon whom we wait for guidance. We shout aloud for technologists to make us an industrial bread, but it is a poor bread we bake without the leavening of a sound philosophy.

—*Third Programme*

Henry Wise and the Formal Garden

By DAVID GREEN

WHEN the Thames floods, as it does fairly regularly, below the castle at Windsor, the outlines of a garden made there for Queen Anne by Henry Wise may faintly be seen, shimmering like a ghost beneath the shallow flood water. And another ghost of a garden, again by Wise, may be traced—after a season of drought—at Chatsworth.

It is a great pity, I think, that there is now so little of substance left to show of all that magnificence, of all those noble and delightful formal gardens which enriched this country before the back-to-nature school destroyed them. Even at Hampton Court, though there we still have beauty, the Great Fountain Garden, begun by Charles II and brought to perfection by Wren and others—even that princely garden has long since lost all but a blurred outline of its intended form, while the trim Privy Garden and formal Wilderness that should attend it have lapsed into limpness and vagueness and insignificance.

The sad thing is that without living examples of the formal garden at its best we tend to condemn the whole practice; and after a glance it may be at the extravagant engravings of Kip, we decide that all those vast chequer-board designs of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries were much the same and all more or less tedious and absurd. It is only when we look more closely at the best of them (I mean, of course, with the help of contemporary documents), and particularly at the royal parks and gardens, that we realise how varied, how refreshing, surprising, and altogether delectable they could be. There were terraces, there were canals, there were fountains, there were mounts with arbours, there were grottoes, statues, orange trees, there were sanded walks beneath long tunnels of lime trees, and there were also—though it is true they were regimented into parterres or segregated within walls—thousands upon thousands of flowers.

Take again the example of Hampton Court, as Wise first knew it. The semicircular parterre known as the Great Fountain Garden was enriched not only with elaborate designs in box but with thirteen fountains. Wise helped to girdle that garden with a canal and to plant the lime avenues which still radiate from it. With his partner George London he was further responsible for remaking the Privy Garden on the south and the Great Wilderness on the north. All that is left of the Great Wilderness today is the maze; while the Great Fountain Garden has one fountain, some meaningless flowerbeds, and a number of beautiful but hopelessly overgrown yews, originally shaped as obelisks.

In the early years of Anne's reign Wise found so much to do in the gardens and parks at Hampton Court that he built himself a small house there and lived in it for months at a time. But the Queen much preferred Kensington and it was there, in her new Upper Garden, that Wise made her that odd little sunk garden out of a gravel pit. Even Addison—he who hated to see the marks of the scissors upon every plant and bush—exclaimed with delight at this improvisation of Wise's. 'It must have been a fine Genius for Gardening', he said, 'that could have thought of forming such an unsightly Hollow into so beautiful an Area and to have hit the Eye with so uncommon and agreeable a Scene as that which it is now wrought into'. Whether this modest little garden, its descending terraces dotted with yew bushes, would have hit the eye today and delighted it is perhaps a matter of doubt.

When it was made it was unprecedented. It was daring of Wise to beg for the pit to remain open; but then by a curious chance the Queen believed gravel pits to be beneficial to the health of her son.

But Queen Anne did some odd things in her parks and gardens. At Kensington and Hampton Court she had the box uprooted because she disliked its smell. At St. James's, having reproached the Duke of Buckingham for encroaching upon the park, she dismembered her own garden with its famous 'long lines of dwarfs' (dwarf pear trees) in order to provide her favourite with the site of Marlborough House. At Windsor she had Wise begin, beside the Thames, a stiff looking garden centring on a canal. It was to be called the Maestricht Garden, because there a mock siege of Maestricht had been conducted at night for the benefit of Charles II and a thousand spectators. And she further insisted upon having, both in the parks at Windsor and at Hampton Court and Bushey, what were known as Her Majesty's Chaise Ridings. These were roundabout drives, some short, others conducting her several miles, which, once the molehills had been flattened (and of course the stumble of William's horse Sorrel was not forgotten), would tempt her to drive forth in that astonishing vehicle with which Swift and Strickland have made us familiar. The chaise was a light, one-horse chair constructed to hold only herself and built with enormously high wheels. 'In this extraordinary and dangerous hunting equipage', adds Strickland, 'she was known to drive her fine strong hackney forty or fifty miles on a summer's afternoon'. There can be no doubt that as Sir Winston Churchill has said, 'Anne on her throne was as tough as was Marlborough on the battlefield'.

It was left to Wise, as royal gardener, to deal with her and with her equally strong-willed favourites; and since, born under Leo, he was tough himself, intelligent, and not easily ruffled, he managed to please them and at the same time to become a person of considerable substance and some consequence himself. 'Nobody to ride through or about St. James's Park on horseback', runs an edict of Anne's time, 'except only Henry Wise'.

Undoubtedly the greatest of all Wise's works was his setting for Blenheim; though even now we cannot be certain of the extent to which he was responsible for that strange design. It may well have been Vanbrugh or even Marlborough himself who hit upon the system of fortifications—of bastions and curtain-walls—to frame the Great Parterre; while as to the main approach, with its bridge like a Roman aqueduct (for so it would have looked had the Duchess not truncated the design) and its elm-avenue reminiscent of Wren's chesnut-avenue in Bushey Park, everyone, we know, had a shot at that—Vanbrugh, Hawksmoor, Wise, and even Wren himself. What is certain is that Wise was responsible for digging the foundations both of bridge and palace and of filling the various gardens with trees and flowers from his large nurseries at Brompton Park. All this and much more he accomplished, and it was no fault of his that in the seventeen-sixties Capability Brown, born while Blenheim gardens were being made, destroyed what was probably the most elaborate formal garden in England's history. Nor, mercifully, could Wise have foreseen the day when his sunk garden at Kensington would be levelled for football, and his bastioned parterre at Blenheim—a place of fountains, pleached alleys and terraces—for cricket. All that survives at Blenheim of Wise's work is his walled fruit garden, the



Henry Wise: the portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in Kew Palace
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fourteen-foot walls pitted to the coping with holes where generations of gardeners have nailed their espaliers. Vanbrugh wrote in 1716: 'The Kitchen Garden, now the trees are in full vigour and full of fruit, is really an astonishing sight. All I ever saw in England or abroad of the kind are trifles to it'. And the same could be said of that fruit garden today. Its walls enclose eight acres. The other walled garden there, the pleasure garden, stretched for a third of a mile.

Gardens on this scale were not, of course, for the ordinary man. In his *Theory and Practice of Gardening*, John James of Greenwich cautions his readers: 'The Charges I am now going to speak of demand a Royal Purse and are to be undertaken only by Princes, Ministers of State and Persons of Highest Quality'. It is as well to know where one stands. Yet Wise and London did create at least one small garden and that was the miniature elysium they made for Marshal Tallard at Nottingham, where for seven years, after his defeat by Marlborough at the Battle of Blenheim, he lived in comfortable exile. This garden was only 150 feet long and 140 wide. Within that compass were packed three parterres, a basin and fountain, a little banqueting house, gravel walks eight feet wide, borders adorned with plants and flowers, hedges, courts, steps and terraces, all thoughtfully contrived to make the vanquished marshal feel at home. In the same spirit of insolence which prompted Marlborough to hoist a thirty-ton busto of Louis XIV over his garden portico at Blenheim, Tallard flaunted a sunflower as the emblem of the largest of his pocket-handkerchief parterres.

Tallard's garden was exceptional, an engaging freak. Wise was not normally a copyist, working to pattern. As every good garden-designer has to be, he was an improviser and an adapter. Hills might at times have to be removed; but as a general rule difficult contours were to be accepted as a challenge to ingenuity. This was part of André Le Nôtre's teaching, passed on to Charles II's French and English gardeners and so to their successors. It was in this spirit that Vanbrugh had pitched Marlborough's palace near the edge of what was then called a precipice. Chasms called for bridges; slopes for terraces and for long cascades, as at Chatsworth and Saint Cloud. As Vanbrugh said, it was not so much a question of creation as of acting the midwife and so of helping to bring a fine child into the world out of bushes, bogs, and



Oil painting in Hampton Court Palace showing, at their moment of perfection, the great Fountain Garden, Privy Garden, and Wilderness, designed by Henry Wise

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briars. After that rough delivery the child would be tended and loved and disciplined in the hope that he would grow in grace and develop into a civilised being. That was the kind of well-mannered garden Vanbrugh's and Wise's patrons understood, a place for tranquillity and retirement and at the same time a fit setting for the house and properly proportioned to it.

Perhaps it was only to be expected that as these geometrical gardens grew more and more elaborate, they should, thanks to the burden of upkeep and other causes, sow the seeds of their own corruption. Yet it seems hard that within his own nurseries Wise should train two of the leaders of the mutiny: Stephen Switzer, who advocated the farm-like way of gardening, and Charles Bridgman, who promoted the ha-ha or sunk fence to such effect that the frame of the great garden as Wise knew it vanished. The transition from formal to informal garden design was now under way.

For, once the straight, physical boundaries had disappeared, it was natural enough that the rest of the garden-geometry should begin to crumble; but for some years—since 1712 at least, when Addison had published his essay in favour of a natural garden—change had been in the air; and now, here and there and little by little, streams were allowed to meander, trees to feather, and cattle to stray within view of the polite eye.

Wise, in retirement at Warwick Priory in the seventeen-thirties, turned his back on all this. It meant nothing to him, was in fact contrary to all his learning and teaching. They might serpentine their canals and grass their courts and parterres till the cows looked in at their windows. He had played his part and now, except for toying with notions of formal waterworks for his own grounds, he would nurse his rheumatism and enjoy his flowers and his dreams to the end. He died in 1738, some years before the destruction of most of his best work had begun. Upon his tomb in St. Mary's Church at Warwick one may still make out his triumphant crest: on a Wreath Or and Sable a Demy Lion Argent holding a Damask Rose Stalk'd Leav'd and Seeded proper.—*Third Programme*

A Guide to *Burnham Beeches* by A. D. C. Le Sueur, Superintendent of Burnham Beeches and Steward of the Manor, has been published, price 1s. 3d., postage 2½d. It may be obtained from the City of London Information Centre, Cannon Street, E.C.4.



'A stiff-looking garden centring on a canal': the Maestricht Garden at Windsor which Queen Anne commissioned from Wise

Gardening

Summer Vegetables and Fruit

By F. H. STREETER

A VISITOR from the Continent said to me last week: 'In England you produce the most wonderful vegetables yet you will let them get so old and tough. Why don't you ask the people to use them young?' I certainly agree with her on this subject. Take peas, for instance. Never wait until they are hard; you want them young and soft so that they will melt in your mouth. Do not forget to mulch the ground alongside the rows and dust the foliage with some derris powder. Broad beans are in plentiful supply now. Here, again, do not let them get tough and hard. The way to enjoy them is when they are small and will cook whole. And have you ever tried just a sprig of mint with broad beans?

What can beat a dish of young, juicy, sweet turnips, grown quickly? Never forget to damp the foliage over whilst the sun is shining—in full sun if you like. Not many vegetables like water on them in full sun, but turnips are an exception. Keep sowing a few rows every three or four weeks. Water the drills well before sowing, and put on a slight sprinkling of lawn grass. The seed germinates very quickly if the ground has the right amount of moisture. Remember to use the bulbs while they are young and fresh; never let them get large and woolly. If you should have trouble with turnips, try Kohl Rabi—purple, green, or white, whatever colour you like. It is a most accommodating vegetable, highly prized in Germany. I am not referring to the large specimens grown by farmers, but to those about the size of a tennis ball. With the bloom on, Kohl Rabi is lovely to look at and to eat, and they keep in good condition in hot weather.

Marrows are often allowed to become large and coarse, with the seeds hard. If you will only cut and use your marrows young, you will get, I think, many more fruits to each plant. Use them small enough to cook whole. I have actually seen gardeners leave them on the plants till they become as hard as bricks and need a hatchet to cut them up, then wonder why they have no flavour and why the plants collapse early. They like plenty of moisture during hot weather.

Have you ever tried to grow capsicums and chillis in this country? It is perfectly easy, if you have the facilities. You can grow these capsicums in five- or six-inch pots, or in a frame if you have one to spare—as long as you keep the foliage clean. Greenfly can be troublesome, but kill them off with an insecticide. Keep them growing in moist conditions and feed the roots well once the fruit has set. They make lovely pot plants, too, for the autumn and winter, covered with either red or yellow fruits.

Do not worry if the shallots are still green and will not lie down. They will go down when they are ready, and if you start to hasten that ripening, they are never the same. Have patience, let them have their own way, and you will keep shallots till they come again. When you do harvest them do not lay them out on the roof or on galvanised iron. They are far better resting on their natural soil for a few days before being put into store.

The ridge cucumbers need constant stopping once they start to fruit. Cut the fruit young. Stand the end in a saucer of water if you want them for next day.

In the fruit garden, the red currants are fast colouring up. It

is a good plan to shorten back the lateral growths along the branches. This will let the sun in on the red currants themselves, helping them to gain that rich red colour. Cut the small growths, or laterals as they are called, half way back; but do not touch the ends of the leading branches—the extension shoot.

You must watch for birds. But red currants generally crop so heavily that the birds let them alone; maybe it is that little acid touch about the fruit that checks them. Make certain to remove every sucker that may come from the base. Where you train red currants against a north wall, tie in the leaders and shorten the growths back half way as for the bushes.

The strawberry crop has been remarkable this year. I like those new paper mats for placing under the fruit instead of straw: no weeds get through, and the fruit shows no signs of damping or mould. I took Edward Hyams' advice and let the perpetual strawberries fruit at the same time, and what a crop they are giving. Absolutely right for preserving. I would strongly advise all who have the room to grow a batch of these especially for preserving. They remain whole when brought to the boil, and they look lovely when bottled. The best variety is 'Perfection'.

You must propagate a few perpetual strawberries every year. Only select the finest and healthiest of these young plants—and from one-year-old plants if you can. Take care when picking the fruit you do not spoil these young plants by kneeling or treading on them. Root them in 60-sized pots, if you can, in a sandy loam with a little decayed manure mixed with it. Peg the runner firmly into the pots. Use a small wooden peg or a hairpin. Make certain the young plants are absolutely firm. Place them in alternate rows—that allows you to pick your fruit and keep the pots moist without having to try to dodge the young strawberry plants.—*Home Service*



Red currants



Kohl Rabi—'a most accommodating vegetable'

The Liberal Muse

The first of three talks by A. G. LEHMANN

WE have had, for a number of years now, a way of using the word 'Europe' as an intelligible idea in a sense which has nothing much to do with technical things like the gauges of railway tracks or economic planning, but rather with ways of behaving, and more still with ways of picturing ourselves in certain kinds of intellectual traditions. We talk about a European heritage—that is, a heritage which is not the particular privilege of any one country, and which draws its elements from a wider range of resources than a single nation could ever provide from stock.

However we use such expressions, they always involve the idea of going outside familiar ground or familiar antecedents; unlike railway lines, which have always to be the same distance apart because axles are so seldom elastic, it is agreed that similarity and difference together are of the essence of a European heritage, that flexibility not standardisation is its *sine qua non*; European history involves examining widely differing institutions without always pronouncing on the intrinsic superiority of one of them; European literature, whatever sort of skeleton outline one makes of it, involves exertions that hardly arise in the effort to conceive a tradition in English literature alone. There have been brands of cosmopolitanism in the past which have given an outright freedom of the world to German music or to French drama or English constitutions; but the domination has always been temporary. So long as places or countries cherish national and local traditions the challenge to flexibility must always exist. The give-and-take habit, on every point of vast scale, is not one which has always and necessarily existed, and we in our generation have become more than usually aware of its fragility; but as we practise it, it is still unmistakably a creation of early European liberalism, taken in the widest possible sense.

Successor to Clio

I like to think of the first stirrings of this sense of a European heritage as in part presided over by a real live successor to Clio; a modern Muse: not a very exalted or unworldly one, not always even a very dignified one, not more than a part-incarnation of the ideal Liberal Muse, but a force of inspiration nevertheless.

Mme. de Staël is in some ways so odd a figure that one might feel a little shy of putting her in the centre of the picture; but there can be no doubt that that is where she properly belongs. This daughter of Louis XVI's Swiss finance minister, scuttling tirelessly all over the Continent—from Geneva to Paris and Weimar and Berlin and Milan and Rome and Vienna and London—was in touch with the friends of liberal thought at every point. No practical results ensued from the various exploits of a woman whom many of her graver contemporaries insisted on considering volatile or slightly mad, but invariably tactless. Her true importance lay in her unfailing provision of a political focus for a circle of men, some of whom were to have the greatest possible influence in spheres remote from liberal apologetics in the narrow sense. At a crucial moment in the history of Europe, her roving self-allotted commission of 'enemy to tyrants' drew attention to the line-up that had come about between scholarship and freedom, between those eager to fill out a picture of Europe in a historical perspective, a source of hope if not of positive satisfaction, and those who took courage in the mere act of using their minds freely under the nose of tyrants or feudal monarchs. The *rapprochement* is familiar in more recent times.

What, after all, remains of thirty years' hard writing by the Lady of Coppet herself? Eighteen volumes, mainly curiosities now—setting aside her correspondence: none of them will repeat the original startling successes of *Corinne* or the rhapsodical book *On Germany*. As documents for the history of her times they are many of them capital; they are not literary classics defying obsolescence, like Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. And the same is true of much of the work of her immediate circle and of her followers.

Mme. de Staël's genius lay elsewhere. It lay in seizing on the thoughts of others, appropriating them to a present or topical problem, and handing them out to the world, immensely magnified in suggestiveness. When she travelled all over Europe to find a gathering of men

and women who could replace the social life of Paris which was banned to her; this was not in any way an idle occupation: she was anxious to test her ideas in argument, to hammer them out against experts, and to add to them quickly by interrogation.

Remarkable Meeting-place

Her household at Coppet must rank as one of the most remarkable of European meeting-places. The stream of illustrious visitors was endless; almost every subject one can think of came under vehement discussion. Around her she has a group which may be considered a microcosm of European thought: classical economics and medieval history and literature are represented by Sismondi; Göttingen historiography by its ex-pupil Johannes Müller; German philosophy and criticism of world literature by August-Wilhelm Schlegel; English constitutionalism by Benjamin Constant. She will treat any topic—the Napoleonic tyranny, or the wisdom of ancient India, or Swiss federal constitutions, the propriety of Werther committing suicide, the application of statistics to moral or political problems, the life of Cleopatra, or Calderon's superiority over Shakespeare, or the necessity of free trade aiding the spread of enlightened ideas—or indeed any other subject she or her friends may happen to be absorbed in. The voluble Stendhal passing through Geneva in the summer of 1817, records a later impression:

I am told that last autumn, on the shores of this lake, there took place the most astounding encounters: a veritable States General of European opinion. So that nothing should lack, there was even a king present. [Stendhal means poor Joseph Bonaparte]. Need I name the amazing character who was the soul of this great assembly? In my view, this phenomenon is near to having political importance. If it lasts a few years more, the decisions of all the Academies of Europe will pale before it. [Footnote: 'The French Academy is a law against the freedom of the Press']. For what can they put up to match a salon where Dumont, Bonstetten, Prévôt, Pictet, Romilly, de Broglie, Brougham, de Brème, Schlegel, and Byron discuss the loftiest questions of morals and art before Mesdames Necker de Saussure, de Broglie and de Staël? Voltaire himself never enjoyed anything like it.

In this most cosmopolitan of all societies, Mme. de Staël found the inspiration she needed for her own extremely influential writings on social ideals and literature.

Bonald, in 1796, had proclaimed that 'Literature is the expression of Society'. Mme. de Staël made use of the slogan spectacularly, in two works written at the height of her career: *Literature considered in its relations with Society*, and *On Germany*. In the first, she took as her vantage-point Montesquieu's comparative study of constitutions, and passing through a comparison of national characteristics, taking as examples the rather lopsided selection of European writings she was familiar with, arrived at a sort of crude sociology of literature.

A Book of Immense Influence

In the second, she presented not simply a panorama of the standard specimens of *belles-lettres*, but a comprehensive mixture of German philosophy, history, customs, education, and travelogue: this was not in itself arrestingly new, and plenty of commentators have remarked how little Mme. de Staël actually saw of her subject compared with what she surmised or dreamt in her optimistic vision of the simple north. Yet this book, *On Germany*, had an immense influence, and was widely read. How did this come about? In some degree because of the intrinsic attraction of the short easy chapters on such difficult subjects as the transcendental philosophy or Goethe. To some extent also because of the doctrinal statements for which the whole of the rest of the book was in some sense merely a pretext: against the dead hand of the Academies, here was a summons to discover the joys of romantic northern freedom, ending with an impassioned defence of enthusiasm, as a power in moral life and an inspiration in literature.

But the chief cause of the success of *de l'Allemagne*, when all is said and done, is not in any of these things, but in the principle by which Mme. de Staël grouped together ideas and information from such a

wide variety of fields into one more or less coherent (if fanciful) picture. Her book may look crude and journalistic and premature by the side of Burckhardt's *Civilisation of the Renaissance*, but in 1810 it was alive and full of suggestiveness. It claimed to illustrate the interrelatedness of all things in a nation's culture; it contained little enough history, but showed how history could be broadened and enriched; it contained little literary criticism of any serious worth, but it left criticism with an idea of some of the new perspectives to be opened up in the nineteenth century: not only social contexts (of course) but intellectual contents which the alert ear can detect even in the purest flights of fancy; and in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries the critic learned to perceive in the texture of a line of verse overtones and qualities for which the author cannot bear sole responsibility.

Finally, these two books, through what I should not hesitate to call their European standpoint (however embryonic and imperfect), have for us now an exemplary quality that took some time to emerge. They reveal a mind fully alive to the general unity of European civilisation in a comparative perspective. Take one feature: the division of European cultures into those of the north and those of the south: a principle fairly well justified by comparative jurisprudence, by Mme. de Staël's ventures into several literatures, and by rough confessional demarcations. The lands of mists and the lands of clarity; of Salic Law and Roman Law; of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism; of romantic melancholy and classical logic . . . and so on. This division had for a time an extraordinary effect on scholarship and learning as well as on a more intangible public imagination. For historians, it raised in acute form the whole question of continuity in Europe after the break-up of the Empire. Mme. de Staël, pointing the distinction, stimulated the pursuit by scholars of an early medieval language called Romance; it provided Fauriel, Sismondi, Schlegel, and a dozen others with the setting for a new kind of histories of Spanish, Provençal, and Italian literature. It led to more ephemeral sciences too—such as Charles de Viller's attempt to found *Comparative Erotics*. As against the south, of course, the north of Europe remained always rather untidy in this classification; and Mme. de Staël paid no attention at all to the east of Europe: Byzantium in her scheme might never have existed.

When she was not talking politics, Mme. de Staël was herself a literary oracle rather than anything else; but in the years of her greatest activity she was surrounded at least as much by historians as by poets and critics. Stendhal never saw her among her earlier worshippers—all busy writing substantial and ponderous volumes in her company. It is here, in fact, that the decisive contribution of her group seems to lie: the attempt to work out the course of society in its growth from Roman Empire to modern civilisation. Winckelmann long ago in Rome had revolutionised the study of art by proclaiming its links with all other creative expressions in a given age; Savigny in Berlin was about to do the same in the study of jurisprudence. Mme. de Staël's friends and

followers were on easier ground in literature and the history of thought: Sismondi had still this ideal of interrelated forces in his threefold attack on the Italian Middle Ages—through his 600 biographical notices for an Encyclopedia, through his history of the Italian republics, and through his history of the literature of the south of Europe. From over in England came Hallam's *State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, a pioneer work which owed much to Sismondi and was applauded as being in highest degree 'philosophical': not for the relatively hostile Protestant sallies in it, but simply because it was again a synoptic presentation of the manners, laws, religion, arts, and letters of a given period of European history.

It is in this way that I think one can fairly say that Mme. de Staël's group, and congenial spirits in England and France, made in the long run a permanently important resistance to romantic drift in historical writing. On the one hand, the search for rational explanation helps to keep at bay pure fictions like Novalis' picture of the Middle Ages; on the other, the attention to fact called for by this view of history, however faulty the materials, safeguarded history from the philosophy of history, that chronic nineteenth-century habit of inventing grand outlines regardless of what had actually happened—what one might call the spider mentality, spinning a web in advance of catching the flies. In short, an antidote to both the Carlyles and the Hegels of historiography. No one among her contemporaries could have done what the Lady of Coppet did: impress on a wide and cosmopolitan public, through her friends or her writings, the sense that there was a real continuity in European history, a panorama in time and space of important cultural values, and that this panorama is an unbroken one.

And just as the Constitutionalist Liberal or Whig commitments of Mme. de Staël or Sismondi or Constant or Hallam or Guizot go hand in hand with a more articulated and all-embracing concept of what counts as noteworthy human achievement, so also a concept of historical understanding began to take shape to sanction these ambitious ventures. What for Voltaire or Gibbon is not accessible to Reason must be written off as irrational caprice or Gothic eccentricity: to re-discover the recorded past of Europe, imagination is needed—and, more still, sympathy. And there is Hemsterhuys with his aphorism, 'I feel, therefore I am'; Adam Smith, the Father of Political Economy, with his *Theory of the Moral Sentiments*, in which sympathy is seen as the basis of our knowledge and judgement of others; and there is Schleiermacher, the Liberal theologian *par excellence*, with the revised science of Hermeneutics, or historical interpretation. Philosophy itself is attending to the demands of those engaged in building the antecedents of European culture. Its subsequent elaboration was simply a matter of time, material opportunity in the separate national spheres of collecting documents and listing monuments, and opportunity in the sense of a wish to further this elastic and unprejudiced inquiry into the coming together of the various strands of a European heritage.

—Third Programme

Evil Genius of the Wilhelmstrasse?

A. J. P. TAYLOR on the policy of Friedrich von Holstein

THE first world war has always been a happy hunting ground for theories of the 'Hidden Hand'—men of mystery behind the scenes who manoeuvred human destiny. Even before 1914, many English radicals held that Sir Edward Grey was the prisoner, perhaps unwitting but certainly helpless, of the Foreign Office. The Foreign Office was not condemned alone. The Quai d'Orsay and, still more, the Wilhelmstrasse fell under the same verdict. The Wilhelmstrasse had a special feature. All its members were wicked, but one was more wicked than others. Friedrich von Holstein—the spectre, the evil genius of the Wilhelmstrasse, the man with hyena eyes, blackmailer and psychopath, the perfect man of mystery.

Holstein died in 1909, five years before the outbreak of war. He had retired from the Foreign Office in 1906. He could hardly, therefore, be blamed for the war itself. What he got was the blame for the decline in Germany's position: she was the decisive-factor in Europe when Bismarck left office in 1890—'the tongue in the balance', he called her. By 1906 she had become isolated and 'encircled', no ally except the moribund Habsburg monarchy, war soon to be forced on her,

and defeat following. And Holstein had done it. He manoeuvred himself into the dominant position in the foreign ministry; planted his creatures out in the leading embassies; and then ruined everything by his insane suspicions. His first act as adviser in 1890, when Bismarck went, was to stop the renewal of the Reinsurance treaty with Russia and so force her into the arms of France. Then he followed a policy of irritating pinpricks towards England, trying to blackmail her into a formal alliance; but when the British statesmen came along with an offer in 1901, he answered with, according to the title of one book about him, 'Holstein's Great No'. So there we are: the Anglo-French *entente* as well as the Franco-Russian alliance was all his doing.

His evil influence was not shown only in affairs of grand policy; he was also a corrupter of individuals. Sitting at the centre of his spider's web in Berlin, corresponding privately with ambassadors and spying on them, he taught them to be servile—as though Germans needed any teaching in that—uncritical, unreliable. He got hold of scandalous secrets about Princess Bülow, the Chancellor's wife, or, according to another account, about Bülow himself, and he used these secrets to

blackmail the Chancellor, not only keeping himself in office but dictating policy to suit his whims. Even when he was got rid of, he released scandal against Prince Eulenberg, the Kaiser's closest friend. The scandals ruined Eulenberg and discredited William II into the bargain. Certainly a fine record of destruction. The papers from the German Foreign Ministry did not show much of this when they were published in the nineteen-twenties. Holstein appeared as a hard-working official, very competent technically, perhaps rather inclined to see the weak points in any policy rather than its advantages, but not malignant or destructive. Still, the legend survived. It was known that Holstein had carried off most of his private papers; and these hung like a dark cloud over the record, scholars rubbing their hands and saying: 'Wait until they are published. Then we shall see something!'

I have no doubt about the importance of Holstein's career. The years between 1890 and 1906 were vital in the history of Germany, years of decision at their most intense. 1906, I am tempted to think, is the real beginning of contemporary history so far as Europe is concerned; certainly it began the era of the German wars, an era perhaps now closed. The real question of interest in regard to Holstein is not whether he blackmailed people, but how far he contributed to the changes in Germany's position. That is the question I shall discuss at great length in a moment. On the personal side the first volume of his papers, which has just been published*, is disappointing. There may be more excitement in the later volumes which will contain his private letters.

This one turns out to be very much a damp squib. It contains his so-called 'memoirs', partly scraps of recollections from his early years, some amusing anecdotes about Bismarck, spiteful and less amusing remarks about his colleagues; and partly reflections on policy put down after his retirement—German relations with the principal Great Powers, the influence of William II, and so on. There is nothing new here, certainly nothing sensational. Holstein has always been an assiduous worker. Thrown out of his job, he was bored, restless, perhaps resentful; and he obviously meant to write a vindication of his career, much as Bismarck had done in similar circumstances fifteen years before. But, like most professional diplomats, like Bismarck himself, he could not manage a sustained narrative. It is all a rigmarole, just like all the other memoirs by professional diplomatists since the world—their world—began: gossip; personal trivialities; the same grievance or episode repeated again and again. You end by being sorry for Holstein. He obviously had not much idea what was going on in the world beyond his official desk. But then it has always puzzled me why people should expect members of a Foreign Office, German or other, to understand what is going on in the world. They are a monastic order—cut off from their own country by always having to deal with foreigners and foreign questions, and yet cut off from the foreigners by belonging to their own country. They have to translate hard, often unpleasant, facts into artificial, fine-spun formulas; and they often mistake the formulas for the reality. It is a profession that both attracts neurotics and produces them. They have their uses so long as we remember this, so long as we accept them as advisers and experts, never as the men who determine policy.

Holstein perhaps stepped over the line here, though I am not sure about this. If you look at the advice he gave, it does not seem to me markedly more suspecting, pathological, destructive—whatever you like—than the advice given by similar diplomatic officers in other countries: by Eyre Crowe, for example, his contemporary in the British Foreign Office. In fact, I think Eyre Crowe was even quicker on the draw in spotting traps and frauds in every seemingly innocent German proposal than Holstein was with English ones—perhaps justifiably, of course. To make a case against Holstein you need something more than his advice, however pathological; you have to get him on

the charge of deciding and directing policy, without being officially responsible for it. And there is something in it—though Holstein was not by any means the only one. He did sometimes go behind the back of the Chancellor, particularly in the days of Bülow; he certainly tried to keep affairs away from William II, who was theoretically the supreme authority. But for the most part he stuck to advice; and if his superiors usually swallowed his advice, it was because they were not capable of anything better on their own.

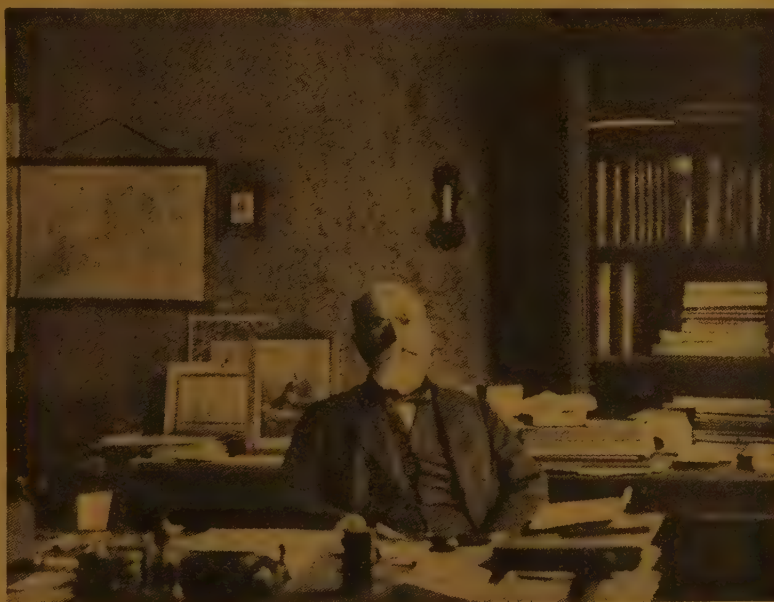
Bülow, for instance, the man whom the liberals wanted as the saviour of Germany as late as 1917, though a brilliant orator in his way, had to have every word written out for him beforehand; even his celebrated impromptu replies to interruptions had to be rehearsed. There was no guiding hand in Germany, no one truly responsible, between 1890 and the outbreak of the first world war (nor, for that matter, after it). But the blame, if you want to put it at someone's door, does not rest with Holstein. It was Bismarck who had destroyed every independent, outstanding figure in politics except himself; or perhaps there never were

any. It certainly must have been nerve-racking to work under William II; and I have little doubt that Holstein would have liked to turn the Kaiser into a harmless constitutional monarch, but I do not think he did much more than grumble. And I cannot get up much interest in the other personal affairs that Holstein was supposed to be involved in.

The real interest of Holstein's career, it seems to me, is of quite a different kind: not the mystery, the shady stories, the melodrama, but the policy he advised and perhaps conducted. There certainly was a great change in Germany's European position between 1890, when Bismarck was overthrown, and 1906, when Holstein left office. Her relations with Russia and with England were certainly less intimate. But was this change really owing to personal whims and misunder-

standings on one side or the other? Did Holstein help to wreck the Reinsurance treaty simply because it was associated with Bismarck and he wanted to prevent the Bismarck family returning to office? Did England and Germany drift apart in 1895, as Holstein suggests in one of the present essays, simply because Lord Salisbury failed to keep an appointment with William II one summer morning at Cowes? Or, to take the biggest point of all, was the alliance of England and Germany, which was constantly proposed by British statesmen, especially Joseph Chamberlain, between 1898 and 1901, prevented simply by Holstein's unbalanced suspicions? I do not believe a word of it. Look at the Anglo-German alliance, which British and German liberals so lamented when the story became known. What the British wanted was an ally against Russia in the Far East. They would provide a navy; and the ally would provide the men. Very nice for the British. But from the German point of view it was an insane proposition—to use that favourite word again—to commit themselves to a large-scale war, a war of life and death, for the sake of British investments in Shanghai and the Yangtse Valley.

The key to Holstein's policy is simple. His attitude, like Bismarck's before him, was purely European. Though he knew the outside world unusually well—spoke perfect English and lived for some years in the United States and in South America—he had no sympathy whatever with what contemporaries called 'World Policy'. Most Germans, indeed most people all over Europe, thought that European conflicts were finished and Europe was settled for good. The future conflicts were going to be for world-markets. Holstein would have agreed with Bismarck when he said to a colonial enthusiast: 'Here is Russia, and here is France. That is my map of Africa'. Bismarck had kept German ambitions under control. Holstein could not. But he claimed quite rightly to have opposed every step of Germany's world policy which estranged the two World Powers, England and Russia. Perhaps 'opposed' is too strong. Holstein was not in a position of power where



Friedrich von Holstein in 1906

From 'The Holstein Memoirs'

he could oppose anything. But he did not have anything to do with these steps, and he warned against them. He did not favour the Bagdad railway, which helped to estrange Russia. He was in no way responsible for the Kruger telegram, which challenged the British in South Africa. And he did what he could against the plans for a great German navy. Of course, his opposition was futile; and even more futile was his line with British statesmen and journalists that, since he disliked Germany's world policy, they should not resent it—even though it was happening. He was a brake that failed to work, a melancholy position, as he himself came to recognise.

He wanted solely to rely on the German army and to give Germany security in Europe by means of 'the free hand'. This really was not very different from Bismarck's policy, though he used rather different ways of doing it. I do not believe that he ever intended for a moment to make a binding alliance with either England or Russia, whatever his talk of making them bid higher. He held—quite rightly from Germany's point of view—that she had everything to gain by letting England and Russia quarrel and remaining uncommitted in the middle. As European policy this was foolproof. What wrecked it was the German insistence to have a world policy as well: to be a great imperial power in the Far East, in Africa, and on the seas. For this annoyed England and Russia, and pushed them together. Alliance between Russia and the Western Powers is the worst of situations for Germany, just as estrangement between them is the best.

There was, and is, only one way out for Germany. If she is going to challenge the world powers, she must become not a European but the European power. She must start with the whole continent under her control. Hitler held this doctrine; so, I think, do the present German advocates of European unification. Holstein arrived at it also, towards the end of his life. Since he could not prevent world policy, he would make it possible. In 1905 he launched the first Moroccan crisis with France with the deliberate object of turning her into a German satellite—perhaps by threats, if not by war. Again, in 1909, he pushed Bülow into standing 100 per cent. behind Austria-Hungary in the Bosnian crisis, with the object of making Mitteleuropa at any rate a solid military block. His policy did not come off. But it was the only way out for Germany if she wanted to be a world power.

The moral of the story? A personal one: it is a sad life being a private adviser who cannot direct events, but that is a risk private advisers always take. A literary one: the secrets of the archives are mostly humbug. Government departments guard their records because it flatters their self-importance, not because there is anything startling to be revealed. Most of all, a political moral: when Russia and the Western Powers are on bad terms, Germany is the only gainer. Holstein could play his tricks at the beginning of the century; the present rule of Germany do much the same now. Very nice for the Germans, no doubt, but I have never been able to understand why we or the Russians should get any pleasure from it.—*Third Programme*

The Survival of the Goncourts

By ROBERT BALDICK

TO readers of nineteenth-century French literature the Goncourt brothers have always seemed familiar figures, better known in many ways than greater contemporaries such as Balzac or Flaubert; and it has always been easy to conjure them up before our eyes, thanks partly to photographs and drawings of the two men and partly, of course, to the self-portraits they have left us in their writings. When we have thought of the Goncourts we may have recalled Nadar's famous photograph showing them sitting knee to knee in two armchairs, Jules gazing rather suspiciously at the camera, and Edmond assuming a pensive attitude befitting an elder brother. Or perhaps what we saw was Gavarni's lithograph portrait of them in a box at the theatre, with Edmond looking solemn and sardonic and wispily untidy, and his brother leaning forward to inspect the stage through a beribboned monocle. Or, again, we may have pictured them as they would doubtless have wished to be remembered: working in a fug of tobacco smoke at their home in the rue Saint-Georges—Edmond slowly covering sheets of Manila paper with his clear, elegant handwriting, and Jules lying on a couch, exhausted by the search for a striking epithet, a distinctive turn of phrase. Yet however easy we may have found it to visualise the two men, and however well we may have thought we knew their characters, habits, tastes, and opinions, we remained tantalisingly aware that locked up in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, in the eleven manuscript note-books of their complete *Journal* and the thirty volumes of their correspondence, were details of their lives of which we were ignorant. And we knew that the complete story of the Goncourt brothers could be told only by someone who had access to both *Journal* and correspondence, and permission to publish what he learnt.

This complete story, the definitive life of the Goncourts, has now been given to us by M. André Billy,* who is not only a veteran biographer but possesses the additional qualification of being a distinguished member of the Académie Goncourt. His book is, I feel sure, exactly the kind of biography which the brothers would have liked somebody, and particularly one of their heirs, to write about them, not because it is full of uncritical adulation—indeed, M. Billy has been so anxious to avoid overpraising his subjects that he has, I think, treated them sometimes a little too harshly—but because it is exceptionally detailed and thorough, and abounds in vivid and entertaining descriptions of people and places such as the Goncourts themselves excelled in producing. It provides us with much interesting new information about the brothers' lives; it attaches names and personalities

to what were hitherto mysterious, shadowy figures; and it corrects good many long-standing misconceptions. For example, those readers who, on the strength of a well-known passage at the end of the published *Journal*, regarded Jules as one of Literature's martyrs, and believed that his death in 1870 was due to his having overtaxed his brain performing stylistic acrobatics, are now informed that he died in fact from the effects of syphilis contracted twenty years earlier. Similarly, those who thought of Edmond as impervious to anything remotely resembling romantic love now discover that at the age of sixty-five he was so affected by a pair of melancholy eyes, two beauty spots, and a blond head of hair that he was seriously tempted to sacrifice the future of his precious Academy to the immediate satisfactions of marriage.

In the main, however, M. Billy's book contains few surprises, and generally confirms the impression of the two brothers' characters which the published *Journal* and earlier biographies had given us. In temperament they differed so completely as to form a remarkable complement. Where Jules was volatile, quick-witted, constantly giving off flashes of brilliant ironic humour, Edmond was both less gifted and more reserved, more serious, perhaps warmer-hearted, certainly very conscious of his responsibilities to his brother, to his art, to posterity and to the future Academy. The characteristics which they had in common were less agreeable. They were both intensely self-centred, incapable of a deep, lasting affection for anyone but each other. They were both insufferably proud, tremendously conscious that they were aristocrats in name, taste, sensibility, and talent, and so snobbish that in the book they wrote about their friend Gavarni they could not bring themselves to mention that his mother had been a sempstress. They were both eaten up with envy of their fellow writers, whether these were established authors or young *débutants*. And finally, of course, they were both incorrigibly spiteful and malicious, delighting in the scandalous anecdote, the caustic epithet, and sparing no one, not least of all their friends. It is difficult to like someone who could criticise Sainte-Beuve for lack of charity, and then describe him as 'a bourgeois Chinaman, a podagrous porter, a balloonful of ballyhoo' or who could describe Ernest Feydeau as 'a paralytic shirker', or friend called Charles Edmond as 'this Polish Christ, crucified with perquisites, with quarters at the Luxembourg, with appointments and sinecures; this Republican martyr, kept by the Viceroy of Egypt, befriended by Prince Napoleon and encrusted with spittle'.

No, the Goncourts were not a pleasant pair—and yet there is something to be said in their defence. If they were egotistic and arrogant

* *Les Frères Goncourt*. By André Billy. Flammarion (available in this country at 20s.).

they were superb in their independence and integrity, refusing to stoop to flattery and intrigue or to prostitute their art in any way, however much they might yearn for fame and success. And if they were envious and spiteful, that is surely not a matter for surprise when we remember that they were sick men, tortured by their stomachs, their livers, and their nerves; sick men with high ideals, living in a world where everything and everyone wounded their delicate sensibilities or outraged their sense of values. It should be mentioned, too, that they were even more convinced than most writers that the critics and the public did not recognise their real worth, and it is true that they were regarded in their lifetime with a certain hostility, partly on account of their unattractive characters, partly because of their loud and irritating complaints of unjust treatment, and also because they possessed the advantages of a noble name, financial independence and numerical superiority. That hostility has persisted to the present day, and has recently led one eminent French critic to declare that the name of Goncourt owes its survival solely to the Prix Goncourt and modern publicity methods, which have given it the wide circulation enjoyed by the names of motor-cars and detergents. I believe this to be a most unfair estimate, but before we can reject it we must consider what other claims to fame the Goncourts have.

In the first place, I think, they deserve to be remembered for their very remarkable partnership. It is not, of course, unique in literary history—in France alone there have been the Rosnys and the Tharauds since—but it is certainly the most impressive of all such associations. Though they differed in temperament and character, from the point of view of intellect, taste, and sensibility the Goncourts were one. In company Jules would find himself involuntarily smiling when his elder brother smiled, nodding when Edmond nodded; and, comparing notes at the end of the day, the two generally discovered that the people and things they had seen had made the same impression on them both. According to Gautier, if by mistake you continued with one of the Goncourts a conversation you had begun with the other, you would probably remain unaware of your error, for without a moment's hesitation he would pick up and develop the arguments advanced by his brother. The two men shared the same irrational impulses; they occasionally shared the same mental and physical ills; they even shared for a while the same mistress—the midwife Maria—though it should be added that much of the time they spent with her was devoted, characteristically, to eliciting information about her profession which was used in the novels *Germinie Lacerteux* and *La Fille Elisa*.

As for their respective contributions to the partnership, Jules seems to have been the better writer, the more brilliant stylist of the two, for the works his elder brother wrote after his death show a marked falling off in quality; but on the other hand Edmond was fundamentally more faithful to the idea of brotherly unity, and unlike Jules he never signed his name alone, nor did he say 'I' in conversation, but always 'we'. It was, in fact, a well-nigh perfect association. The two men worked well together and lived well together, separated for no more than a few hours in twenty-two years, and finding in each other's company complete satisfaction, what Jules called 'a rare and precious happiness'. And if any further illustration is required of the closeness of their union, one has only to recall the well-authenticated account of how, in the course of the melancholy journey from Auteuil to the Montmartre Cemetery on the day Jules was buried, Edmond de Goncourt's hair turned white.

But what of the fruits of their collaboration? Of all the various works which they produced together, their favourite was their study of eighteenth-century French art, a pioneer work which is now generally recognised as a classic. It is often pointed out that the Goncourts were not, as they claimed to be, the first to appreciate eighteenth-century

art at its true value, but they undoubtedly did more than anyone else to rescue Watteau and Fragonard, Boucher and Chardin from the discredit into which they had fallen. When, however, they turned their attention to the art of other countries or other periods, their judgement more often than not failed them. Thus they over-estimated the importance of the vogue for Japanese art which they did much to stimulate, and in their writings on contemporary French art they showed none of that flair for distinguishing genius and originality possessed by Baudelaire and Huysmans. On the contrary, they ignored or condemned such men as Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, and Renoir, and even neglected Degas, though he treated the same subjects as they did, in much the same manner. And though they were themselves the foremost literary impressionists of the nineteenth century, Edmond remained permanently and astonishingly blind to the merits of the impressionist painters.

The Goncourts' fame as art critics, then, is due above all to their knowledge and understanding of the eighteenth century, and the same is true of their reputation as historians. Faithful to their famous

dictum that a historian cannot fully appreciate a period of which no dress pattern or dinner menu has survived, they used everyday documents of this kind, together with picturesque details and revealing anecdotes, to depict French society before and during the Revolution. It may be that their method led them to over-emphasise the frivolous, fashionable, feminine aspects of the age, but at least they brought the eighteenth century to life for their readers in a way which professional historians could and did envy.

From history they moved to the novel; or, as they put it themselves, from recounting the past with the aid of dead documents they turned their hands to recounting the present with the aid of the living material which they found all round them. M. Billy remarks in his book that they never dedicated themselves to the novel with the fervour of a Balzac or a Zola, and suggests that they were not born novelists. It is certainly true that if today we read *Charles Demailly* or *Manette Salomon*, it is probably for the historical interest of these novels as

perhaps the finest pictures we possess of the life of journalist and artist in France in the mid-nineteenth century. As novels, the Goncourts' fictional works generally fail to satisfy us or to hold our interest.

Their working method, which consisted largely of finding a place for all their conscientiously accumulated notes, enabled them to work at any part of a novel at any time—to write a novel backwards if they wished—and the result is too often an unwieldy gimcrack structure, an agglomeration of odd episodes, conversations, and descriptive passages. Only in such a work as *Sœur Philomène* does the slightness of the story impose unity on the novel, and only in such a book as *Les Frères Zemganno*, Edmond's barely disguised account of his partnership with Jules, does the characterisation lose its clinical chill. As for the style of these works, the Goncourts' notorious *écriture artiste*, with its self-conscious neologisms, its surprising epithets, and its syntactical oddities, that has had its influence on the French language but is now painfully dated. Even so, the Goncourts' novels still possess a certain febrile attraction as well as historical interest for the modern reader, and the best of them, *Germinie Lacerteux*, has an important place in French literary history as the first great realistic novel of lower-class life, the book which opened the way for Zola and the Naturalist movement.

In the last analysis, however, the fame of the Goncourts depends not on the books I have already mentioned but on their monumental *Journal*—which, incidentally, contains some of the best of their other writings in the form of passages which they incorporated in their novels and observations which they used in their critical and historical works. Nearly forty years have passed since the date which Edmond believed would see the publication of the complete *Journal*. But, even

(continued on page 108)



Gavarni's drawing of the Goncourt brothers in a box at the theatre: Edmond (left) and Jules

NEWS DIARY

July 13-19

Wednesday, July 13

President of Board of Trade outlines Government's proposals for dealing with restrictive trade practices

Transport and General Workers' Union Conference decides to press for shorter working week

Talks on Malta end in London

Thursday, July 14

The Foreign Secretary flies to Paris for preliminary talks before the Geneva Conference. The names of the Soviet delegation to the conference are announced

Electricity charges throughout England and Wales to be raised from the beginning of October

A member of the Oxford City Council is fined £50 for voting twice in the General Election

Friday, July 15

Marshal Bulganin, the Soviet Prime Minister, makes statement in Moscow on eve of his departure for the Geneva Conference. In Paris the three Western Foreign Ministers reach agreement on policy to be followed at the conference.

Select Committee of House of Commons finds elections of two M.P.s were invalid because at the time they held offices of profit under the Crown

A proposed trial by the Medical Research Council of an American vaccine against poliomyelitis is cancelled

Saturday, July 16

President Eisenhower, Sir Anthony Eden, and M. Faure arrive in Geneva

Cardinal Mindszenty, Primate of Hungary, who was sentenced to life imprisonment in 1949 by the communist regime, is released from prison because of his age and health

Chancellor of Exchequer says strikes have lost 2,000,000 working days in a year

Sunday, July 17

Western delegations in Geneva hold a series of meetings to prepare for the opening of the conference of four heads of Governments

Fresh disturbances are reported in Casablanca

London has its hottest July day for three years

Monday, July 18

Four heads of Governments make set speeches at opening of Geneva Conference

Storms cause heavy damage in south-west England and Wales

Tuesday, July 19

Foreign Ministers agree on agenda for Geneva Conference. Heads of Governments hold their second meeting

Relief work is undertaken in Weymouth area flooded by seven-inch rainfall



General view of the opening session, on July 18, of the four-power conference at Geneva. Facing the camera, right (with back to the window), is the American delegation, headed by President Eisenhower; facing the camera, left, the Russian delegation, headed by Marshal Bulganin; in the foreground, right, the French delegation, led by M. Faure; and, left, the British delegation, led by Sir Anthony Eden



Ambulances at Ascot racecourse waiting to take casualties to hospital after lightning had struck part of the crowd during a sudden thunder-storm on July 14. Two people were killed and over forty injured. Last Monday violent storms broke the hot spell and caused damage and casualties in many other parts of the country; in the West Country there was serious flooding

A thirty-three
the Japanese
against atom
5, the tenth



Rioters hurling stones at police during disturbances in Casablanca last week. The trouble began during Bastille Day celebrations on July 14 when two bomb explosions killed seven Europeans. Thereafter thousands of Europeans went to the French Administrative headquarters demanding a stronger government policy towards the Moroccans. By Monday, sixty-three people had been killed and over a hundred injured



statue which has been erected by Asahi as a permanent memorial. It will be dedicated on August 15 in memory of the destruction of the city



Competitors in the Cowes to Dinard yacht race lying becalmed in the still waters off Cowes on July 14 before they set off

Left: M. Pharosah (R.A.F. and Walton) winning the discus event with a throw of 156 feet 7 inches last Saturday, the second day of the Amateur Athletic Association championships at White City. The events were held in a shade temperature of 84°



Bathers by the Serpentine in Hyde Park basking in the sunshine last Sunday when temperatures rose high into the eighties in most parts of England. At 4.30 on Sunday morning 1,800 vehicles an hour were reported on the Kingston by-pass on their way to the coast



Crowds outside the new Shakespearean theatre which was opened on July 12 in the town of Stratford, Connecticut, U.S.A. The occasion (which also marked the opening of a Shakespearean festival) was attended by the Mayor and Mayoress of Stratford upon Avon

(continued from page 105)

now, it seems we shall have to wait a little longer for that event, owing to editorial and legal difficulties—notably the attempts being made by Alphonse Daudet's heirs to suppress passages reflecting on their ancestor's character. In the meantime, I might perhaps be permitted to supply some details of the unpublished manuscript, obtained from a study of parts of it some years ago and a recent discussion with its brilliant young editor, M. Robert Ricatte.

In bulk, the unpublished Journal approximately equals the published work, and, contrary to general supposition, the greater part of it belongs to the period before Jules' death. As for the character of the suppressed portions, these fall into four main categories: passages which could not possibly have been published in Edmond's lifetime, and which generally consist of either acid criticism of an acquaintance's work or scabrous details of his sexual life; secondly, amusing and sometimes macabre anecdotes about the Goncourts' own relatives; then, entries which had seemed important to Jules but which Edmond considered of little interest; and, finally, political passages such as the pages of scathing comment on the 1851 *coup d'état* which opened the manuscript Journal, but which Edmond thought it ungentlemanly to publish after the fall of the Second Empire.

There are few sensations or surprises in the complete work, but on the other hand there is an abundance of fascinating information on literary life in the second half of the nineteenth century, a century which in France was above all a literary age, recorded by two men

who were above all men of letters. It has been objected that they were credulous and spiteful diarists; but they could scarcely check the accuracy of all they were told, and they were never deliberately untruthful. Nor was their taste for the scabrous anecdote due simply to their salacity; they were fascinated by the dark underside of human nature, which they believed no one would reveal if they failed to do so. It is said, too, that in writing the Journal they wished to imitate Saint-Simon, but that is not strictly true: they intended to surpass him, for to their gallery of portraits they meant to add pictures of things and places. And the Journal stands as a monument to their success, containing, as Edmond justly claimed, the most truthful and vivid representations of the people and things of their time.

Curiously enough, the Goncourts apparently failed to realise that the Journal would prove their best defence against the oblivion which they so dreaded. Thus Edmond, though he was very proud of the work, did not specifically mention it when listing the means by which he hoped to ensure immortality for the name of Goncourt. Nor did Jules refer to it on that memorable walk in the Bois de Boulogne, shortly before his death, when he spoke to Edmond of their contribution to the realist novel, their exploration of the eighteenth century, their championship of Japanese art, and concluded with pathetic pride that 'when you have done all that, it's difficult to avoid being *somebody* in the future'. But if the Goncourt brothers misjudged the respective merits of their weapons in the battle for survival, they have certainly survived: they are and will remain 'somebody' in the history of literature.

—Third Programme

Two Poems

Golden Calf

If all the answer's to be the Sinai sort,
The incorruptible lava of the word
Made alphabetic in a stormspout, what
Mere human vocables you've ever heard,
Poor golden calf, could overbear, I wonder,
The magniloquence of thunder?

You for another flame. The Moses in me
Looks with a stone face on our gaudy lives.
His fingers, scorched with godhead, point, and loose
An influence of categorical negatives
That make an image of love, a trope of lover.
Our dancing days are over.

The buckles tarnish at the thought of it,
The winecup shatters. The bragging music chokes
To the funeral silence it was awkward in.
And before the faggot of salvation smokes,
Your knees are loosed, your wreathed neck bows lowly
In presence of the holy.

What's a disgruntled cloud to you or me?
Listen to my multitudes and beam for them,
Making a plinth of this dark wilderness.
Utter such rigmaroles an apothegm,
Doing its head-stroke, drowns in such wild water
And proves itself no matter.

Or where's the desert cat, or hunching shade
That ambles hugely in the dark outside,
Or hospitable anguish beckoning
To its foul ceremony a sorry bride
Could bear the darts struck from your hide by torches
That guard our pleasure's marches?

Forty-four years. Small wilderness to unravel
Such an unknotted thread of wandering.
The desert is in Moses' skull, the journey
To the white thalamus whose cradling
Enfolds the foetus of the law—gestation
Of Moses as a nation.

A chosen people, since they have no choice.
The doors are locked, the flesh-pots on the shelves,
And a long line of lamentation moves
Led by the nose through their own better selves
To buy with blood a land of milk and honey
Where's no need for such money.

The smoke and thunder die. And here I stand
Smelling of gunpowder and holiness.
The great fire does its belly-dance and in it
You shine unharmed, not knowing what's to confess;
And the desert, seeing the issue grows no clearer,
Takes one long slow step nearer.

NORMAN MACCAIG

Homecoming

Many have wandered on that sea:
In those waters is no certainty.
And our forefathers in returning found
The darkening angers of the narrow sound
Roar like a lion between their living and
Dying, the black waters and the harbouring sand.
Lost sailors sleep there, hanging halfway down
The green bone-singing bowl wherein they drown.

I will not go again; the quiet land
Places such gifts of mercy in my hand.
Many have perished under that sea;
Under water lives no charity.

In quiet at last I lie at anchor here
In the calm valley where tree and stone appear
Impossible as heavens. No death worries,
That will be any more than cradling sleep;
No landfalled seaman cares who buries
Him, or where, if it is earth. Dig deep
The clay for me when it is time. The sea
Will never claim me lying easy.
I am that home and land whose rocks are my rest:
All bitterness is gone from my breast.

KENNETH GEE

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Russia, Germany, and Eastern Europe

Sir,—Professor Seton-Watson rightly says (THE LISTENER, July 14) that there is not much point in guessing how Moscow is going to solve the dilemma of its approach to the question of German unification, either unity without the Ulbricht regime, or Ulbricht without unity. Apart from the uncertainty of the results of the struggle for Stalin's succession to which Professor Seton-Watson refers, there is another factor which, alas, also seems to suggest that the Soviet Union is not likely to give up complete control over eastern Germany at this stage.

One of the most far-reaching consequences of the Sovietisation of eastern Germany is the rapid progress of the integration of her economy into the over-all scheme of things of the Soviet orbit. The following facts emerge from a study of the pattern of trade within the Soviet orbit, and from data published by the Economic Commission for Europe in its survey for 1954, and amended by the Soviet delegate at the Commission's annual conference in March of this year.

Already by 1953 eastern Germany was the largest supplier of heavy machinery and other capital goods to the member countries of the orbit. The Soviet Union took second place as exporter, but it ranked first as importer of such goods. As far as trade between the two countries is concerned, it accounted for at least one-half of eastern Germany's exports and of the Soviet Union's imports of machinery and equipment. China has become a major market for the products of eastern Germany's heavy and precision industries. Ulbricht has said that it was no longer a question of sending machines but of entire installations and plants, accompanied by engineers and technicians. Next year new five-year plans are to be launched in all member countries of the Soviet orbit, from eastern Germany to China, and there is much emphasis on their co-ordination. However effective this may turn out to be, one thing seems certain: east German deliveries of capital goods play an important part in many plans.

It is not suggested that the Soviet Union may not find it worth while to agree to unification in spite of these economic facts. But the operative word is worth-while. If complete withdrawal from eastern Germany could be bartered against large-scale deliveries of machinery and grain on a long-term credit or an outright grant basis, this might prove acceptable to Moscow. But the volume of the deliveries and the amount and the duration of the credits required, not to mention the grants, are likely to be of a magnitude such as to make the not inconsiderable trade between the Weimar Republic and the Soviet Union in the late nineteen-twenties and the early nineteen-thirties look rather small.

One cannot help wondering whether western governments and public opinion would be prepared, at this stage, to agree to a solution which would exchange Soviet control over eastern Germany for large-scale western contributions to the further economic and thereby political consolidation of the Soviet orbit. Of course, this is not meant to be an argument against reunification as such. There can be no doubt that its achievement is vital for a real relaxation of tension in the world. Yet we should be on our guard against arguing entirely in terms of drop-

ping or backing regimes without considering also their economic implications.

Yours, etc.,
London, W.9 STEPHAN SCHATTMANN

Advances in Printing

Sir,—Both your leading article 'Advances in Printing' and that part of Mr. Bertram Mycock's talk in 'Radio Newsreel' about the printing exhibition at Olympia reprinted in THE LISTENER of July 14, seem to me to contain thoughts that might well mislead your readers who are unfamiliar with the printing industry or vague about its products.

The hand-setting of type is certainly not, as stated in your leader, 'largely a thing of the past', even if hand-printing is. Almost all the type-setting involved in advertisements and much of it in the myriad forms of commercial printing is produced or handled by hand compositors. THE LISTENER, and every other magazine, newspaper, and book printed by the traditional but still dominant letterpress process, depends on hand compositors for make-up, and the type-setting machines producing the text or main reading matter are operated by men trained as hand compositors.

As to Mr. Mycock's remarks on the training of apprentices and the need for them to be scientists, well, science is no new thing in printing in this country, or any other for that matter. The Printing and Allied Trades Research Association, established over a quarter of a century ago, is the most advanced institution of its kind in the world, and at its headquarters and elsewhere in the printing industry are scientists of all kinds—chemists, metallurgists, mathematicians, and many specialised research workers. If Mr. Mycock intended to imply that the need for the teaching and studying of traditional craft skills is no longer necessary, I am afraid I cannot agree with him, especially so far as the compositor is concerned.

The art of typography—which Mr. Stanley Morison once described as 'a minor technicality of civilised life'—no matter what people outside the industry who cultivate it for commercial or precious reasons may say, does not rest on machines; it rests on the skill of the compositor and 99.9 per cent. of that skill springs from tradition and the rest from normal human ability to adapt itself to novel equipment.

Your editorial comments suggesting that new machines might raise the standard of printing brings to mind the phrase 'Printing was born perfect', to which has been added the thought that it has been deteriorating ever since.

I know I expose myself to the risk of being labelled old-fashioned, which I am not, but IPEX had one theme—more speed, more efficiency, more profits; sometimes called progress. New methods may bring new skills into existence but they do not necessarily produce better work, or make better or happier workmen. Perhaps, after all, I am old-fashioned.

Yours, etc.,
Buckingham HERBERT JONES

Law and Order

Sir,—The ways in which judges in medieval England were paid for their services need not form the subject of controversy. The evidence from the thirteenth century onwards has long been in print and flatly contradicts the statement

that 'to ensure their integrity they were paid no salary but were allowed to keep the fines'.

The official salaries of the judges, whether of king's bench, common pleas, exchequer, eyre or assize, were paid by half-yearly instalments, every Easter and every Michaelmas: the warrants which empowered the Treasurer to make payment and the proof that these warrants were, in fact, executed are easily found on the Liberate Rolls and the Issue Rolls at the Public Record Office. If the judges had been dependent solely on their salaries they could not have become as wealthy as they did. Those who had taken orders were given benefices and, as clerks in the king's service, they were exempt from any obligation to be resident and were exposed to no penalties for pluralities of livings: this elastic source of income was, it should be noted, in addition to, and not in lieu of, their official salaries. The lay judges also acquired riches, but it was not the result of receiving the 'fines' (a word which in modern usage has not quite the meaning it bore in the Middle Ages), for these were collected and accounted for in the exchequer and formed part of the king's revenue.

All judges had many quite legitimate perquisites. For example, they were in regular receipt of pensions from ecclesiastical institutions like abbeys and from great landowners in return for their services as legal consultants. The practice was quite open and above-board, there was nothing secretive about it. The judges advised the best course of action or of pleading, even in cases which might come before themselves for adjudication, but this does not mean that in the event they gave dishonest judgement. The practice was, of course, open to serious abuse and might be abused. But it would not have continued if grave injustice had been constantly done. Again, we must remember that no one in the Middle Ages expected anyone to do something for nothing. It was common form to make gifts in order to promote the furtherance of business, even the business of the royal courts. This seemed perfectly natural and obvious, and any other state of affairs was not envisaged. It is only because we will not discipline ourselves to seek the contemporary truth and prefer to project our own conceptions back upon the past that we create problems for ourselves where there are no problems.—Yours, etc.,

Old Aberdeen G. O. SAYLES

Sir,—Disagreement between Mr. Megarry and myself over certain remarks in my recent talk on 'Law and Order' has now crystallised into three points—the system of legal aid, the conflicting opinions of learned counsel, and the economics of medieval justice.

The first point has now come before the House of Commons, where remarks have been made on the subject which reduce my single caustic sentence almost to the whisper of faint praise. On the second point I will give Mr. Megarry the victory. He has, as a lawyer, a proper respect for logic and the sanctities of the Universal Affirmative—('Thou shalt not say "every" when the facts only justify "jolly nearly every"'). I reverently incline. Shall I say then that some only, but still a great number of cases go into court in which learned counsel on each side are not *ad idem* on the exact state of the law, and are sincere in their differences of opinion? That they do not always share the last-named virtue so neatly fits the lay idea of a



IN order to entertain the world, the J. Arthur Rank Organisation makes the world its location. It may be the jungles of Ceylon, the shores of the Italian lakes, or the South Seas.

Recently it was the Mediterranean—when a Rank Group film unit sailed to Athens and Alexandria to shoot scenes for *DOCTOR AT SEA*, produced by the team who made the record-breaking *DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE*.

ACROSS THE FRONTIERS

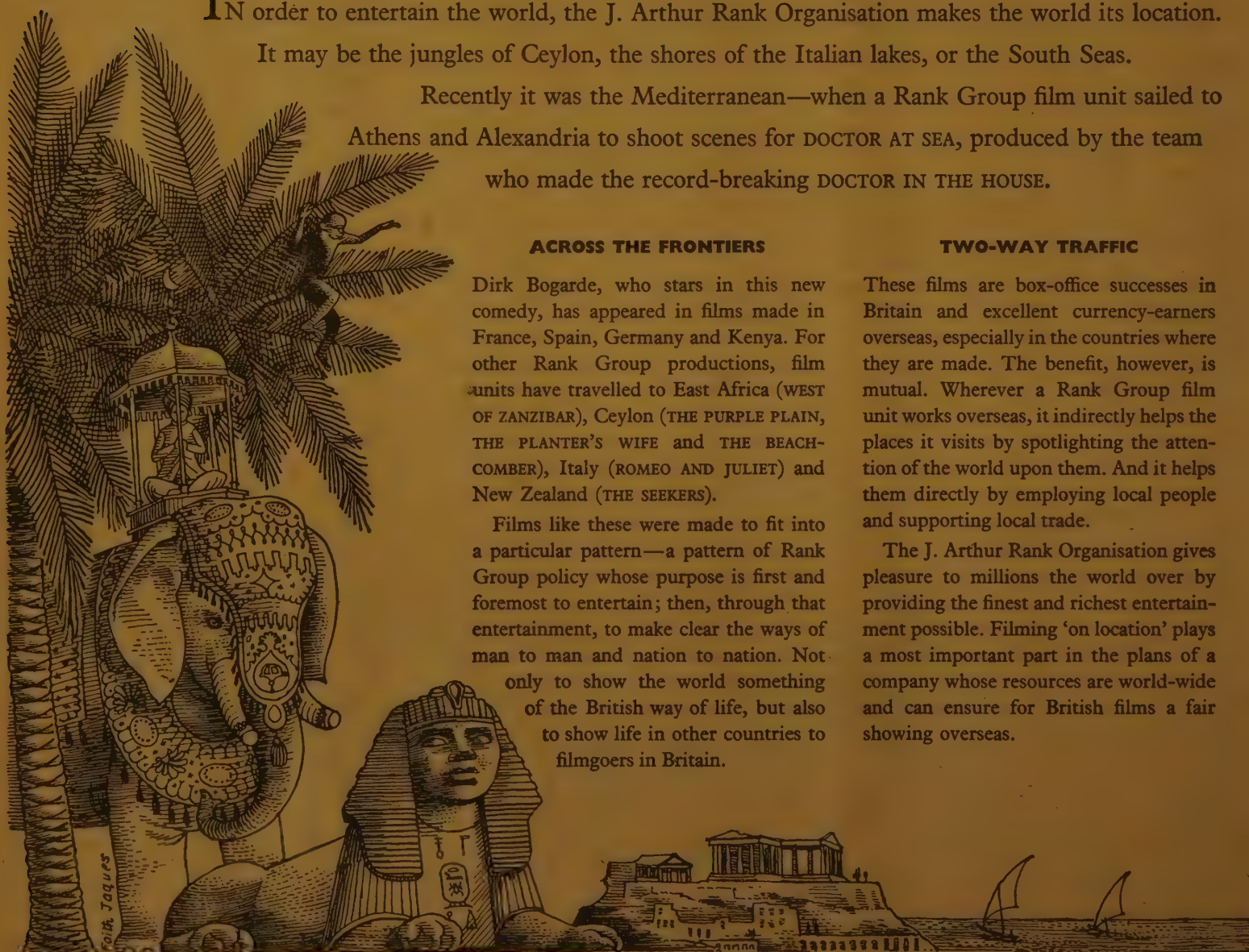
Dirk Bogarde, who stars in this new comedy, has appeared in films made in France, Spain, Germany and Kenya. For other Rank Group productions, film units have travelled to East Africa (*WEST OF ZANZIBAR*), Ceylon (*THE PURPLE PLAIN*, *THE PLANTER'S WIFE* and *THE BEACH-COMBER*), Italy (*ROMEO AND JULIET*) and New Zealand (*THE SEEKERS*).

Films like these were made to fit into a particular pattern—a pattern of Rank Group policy whose purpose is first and foremost to entertain; then, through that entertainment, to make clear the ways of man to man and nation to nation. Not only to show the world something of the British way of life, but also to show life in other countries to filmgoers in Britain.

TWO-WAY TRAFFIC

These films are box-office successes in Britain and excellent currency-earners overseas, especially in the countries where they are made. The benefit, however, is mutual. Wherever a Rank Group film unit works overseas, it indirectly helps the places it visits by spotlighting the attention of the world upon them. And it helps them directly by employing local people and supporting local trade.

The J. Arthur Rank Organisation gives pleasure to millions the world over by providing the finest and richest entertainment possible. Filming 'on location' plays a most important part in the plans of a company whose resources are world-wide and can ensure for British films a fair showing overseas.



THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION LIMITED

lawyer that I thought it charitable to repress mention of this exception, while the man who will go to law today in defiance of advisers' assurance that he has not a leg to stand on is to be disregarded, surely, as pathologically litigious.

On the third point, if Mr. Megarry will turn to Pollock and Maitland, Vol. 2, page 519 (1st Ed.) he will see a catalogue of matters for the consideration of His Majesty's travelling Justices in *Iter* or *Eyre* which relegate the commission of General Gaol Delivery almost to a minor item. Of course all the felonies were hanging matters, but they all involved confiscations; and it was not for nothing that the judges were described as sitting '*Oyer et terminer omnia*'—to hear and determine everything! They took Assize of Ale and Bread, and fined the brewers and bakers heavily for short measure or poor quality; and they reviewed all the work proper to county administration since their previous visit, imposing fines for every minute neglect of duty. In fact, *Ire* meant *Ire* with a vengeance—the Royal Wrath in grim reality. We have little conception today of the arbitrary character of its proceedings.

Like parliament, the Royal Eyre began as a revenue collecting machine selling government reform in the first instance and redress of grievances in the second at a high price. The Middle Ages were the heyday of perks—fees, fines, dues, amercements, and emoluments. The 'salary' is a relatively modern institution. The early judges were statesmen and when not clerics were great lords—the reason, I suppose, why we still address the High Court judge as 'my Lord', although as a rule he is only a knight. The custom of appointing experienced members of the Bar to the Bench came later. These great Lords were above being paid as workmen were but were not averse to taking their perks from the fine-bag. Let Mr. Megarry study the Pipe Rolls of Henry I. He will be horrified, and will perhaps forgive me for sweetening sorrow with a smile, and salting incredulity with a pinch of sarcasm.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

BERTRAM HENSON

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'German Romantic Literature'

Sir,—Literary critics should certainly regard writing as a human activity. To the greatest early Romantic poets 'refusal' does not mean 'incapacity' to understand life.

Your reviewer (THE LISTENER, July 7), unfortunately, does not even mention Novalis whose sombre and magnificent 'Hymns to the Night', in our opinion, represent not only the finest product of German Romanticism but belong with Hölderlin's and Goethe's works to the rarest treasures of European lyric poetry. The legend of the ethereal Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1772-1801) is utterly misleading. Hölderlin's line could be applied to him:

He who thinks deepest loves life most.

Novalis' attitude to nature (also in his *Lehr-linge zu Sais*) is a tender friendliness, quite remote from the pernicious sentimentalism that 'mistakes presumed unselfconsciousness in the plant and animal world for happiness'. It is also the opposite of D. H. Lawrence's belief in the 'natural' forces of the primitive man.

It is a pity that though, of course, the Schlegel-Tieck translations from Shakespeare and Arnim-Brentano's *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and the collection of fairy tales by the brothers Jakob and Wilhelm Grimm are singled out by your reviewer as 'the greatest monuments of this age of free creation', the highest original achievement, Novalis' 'Hymns to the Night', is ignored.—Yours, etc.,

Bristol

A. CLOSS

What Do the Youth of Germany Want?

Sir,—On April 28 there appeared in THE LISTENER a talk by Mr. Terence Prittie, 'What Do the Youth of Germany want?' In it occurs the following:

Four years ago Dr. Horst Adamietz of Arnberg began collecting names of young Germans who wanted to exchange news with the people of other countries. Today he has 30,000 names on his books, deals with forty letters a day . . .

That is correct. I may add that the success of this private activity is mainly owing to the help of the international press.

I am a German journalist, and many colleagues in other countries have furthered my efforts for friendship across frontiers—a good work for friendship and freedom and an example of the nearly unlimited possibilities of newspapers and journals to promote understanding between peoples and nations. This summer I have been able to fulfil all wishes of British friends for pen friends and exchanges of students and pupils in the holidays between British and German families. Unfortunately, I have not been able to fulfil all German wishes for an exchange with British friends. Perhaps the readers of THE LISTENER can help me?

I am still searching for British families who are interested in an exchange for their sons and daughters with sons and daughters of German families in August and September 1955. I shall send my list by request. There are pupils aged from fourteen to twenty, and students—male and female—from all parts of western Germany and west Berlin from good families. Some of them wish to come as paying guests without exchange, others hope to receive an invitation free of charge. They are ready to help in the household, to teach the German language, or to work in the harvest. I am of the opinion that one exchange of young people and the following friendship is worth more than hundreds of words and theoretical declarations.

Yours, etc.,

Arnberg/Westphalia

Ginsterweg 28

West Germany

HORST ADAMIETZ

Sir Walter Raleigh

Sir,—Mr. A. L. Rowse gives a vivid picture of the dashing Elizabethan, but I am surprised he swallows the potato myth. According to a paper by W. E. Safford, in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institute* for 1925, the common potato reached North America in 1719 from Europe. It was a native of Chile and Peru, and the Spaniards brought it to Europe.

It seems more likely that Sir Walter first heard of the potato through some Spaniard captured by one of his sea captains. Personally, I favour Don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, who had been in Peru, and who was captured by Captain Jacob Whiddon of the *Mary Sparke* in 1586. Don Pedro Sarmiento had a good many conversations with Raleigh, and may have inspired Raleigh with a desire to explore Guiana in search of El Dorado.

Yours, etc.,

Harrow

FREDA O'HALLORAN

'Music from the Castle'

Sir,—Viewers of the enchanting television programme from Chirk Castle on July 13 may like to know that the castle was visited by Dr. Johnson when, in 1774, he toured Wales with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. Johnson's own diary is laconic: 'Sept. 7. We came to Chirk Castle'. But Mrs. Thrale, enthusiastic as ever, described it as 'by far the most enviable dwelling I have yet ever seen'. That the visitors stayed in the castle is no more than probable; the squire is

not mentioned in connection with the visit. But he comes into the picture later. On September 18, 1777, Johnson writes to Mrs. Thrale: 'Mr. Myddelton's erection of an urn looks like an intention to bury me alive. I would as willingly see my friend, however benevolent and hospitable, quietly inurned'. (Johnson is quoting 'Hamlet'.) Presumably Mr. Myddelton had intended to commemorate the visit in a way that was not unfashionable in the great age of monumental gardening.—Yours, etc.,

Old Headington

R. W. CHAPMAN

Arnold Bax Society

Sir,—I think many readers of THE LISTENER will be interested to learn of the formation of an Arnold Bax Society. A group of music lovers who wish to honour the memory of the late Sir Arnold Bax have formed the society for the express purpose of sponsoring recordings of his major works. We think it is deplorable that one of our finest composers should be almost unrepresented in the catalogues of the record companies, and we wish to remedy what Dr. Edmund Rubbra has called 'this scandalous hiatus in English recorded music'. Our intention is to ask for a thousand promises to buy a long-playing record devoted to a major work of Bax, perhaps the Fifth Symphony. The work to be chosen will depend on the extent of public support, the requests expressed by our members, and the views of the record company concerned.

Anyone who sends me a promise to buy a Bax record will be entered as a member of the Arnold Bax Society. There is nothing to pay except the cost of the record when it is issued. If we get sufficient support we shall be able to make arrangements for the record to be issued in the normal way and at the usual price. If we do not get sufficient support, our members will have lost nothing but the time taken in writing to me.

The response so far received makes us confident that we shall gain the support of the music-loving public. Among our Vice-Presidents we number the following distinguished persons: Sir Arthur Bliss (Master of the Queen's Music), John Christie, Esq., Edric Cundell, Esq., C.B.E., Charles Groves, Esq., Sir Compton Mackenzie, Dr. Edmund Rubbra, Rudolf Schwarz, Esq., and Dr. R. Vaughan Williams, O.M.

Yours, etc.,

Old Orchard

CLIFFORD W. GILLAM

Austenwood Common

Gerrards Cross

Buckinghamshire

Trade Policy and Practice in the United States (price 1s. 6d.); *The Nuclear Age in Brief*, a chronology of key events from the first splitting of the atom to the latest efforts to harness the atom for peaceful purposes (price 6d.); and *The Commonwealth in Brief* (price 1s.) are three pamphlets, giving factual information, published by the Commonwealth-American Affairs Unit (37, Charles Street, London, W.1).

* * *

Television, a World Survey: Supplement 1955, published by Unesco (Stationery Office, 3s.) is intended to bring up to date the survey previously published in 1952. It is stated in the introduction that since then fourteen more countries have introduced television, which is also described as 'bursting its national seams'. In Europe a reciprocal network covers eight countries under the auspices of the European Broadcasting Union. There has also been a large increase of broadcasts from the United States to Canada and the first direct relay by stratosphere to Cuba. Plans are being studied for the development of much more extensive direct relay links, notably between Europe and the United States. Plans are reported also to link the Soviet Union (where there are now about 1,000,000 viewers) to eastern Europe.

Art

Round the Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

THE exhibition entitled 'Fitzroy Street Retrospect', which is at the A.I.A. Gallery in Lisle Street, is, for a number of reasons, well worth visiting. Here the visitor will find work by nearly all the important English painters of the period 1910 to 1920, a great period, a period of heroic crisis and splendid fluorescence in which the genius of Sickert reached the height of its power and in which his followers were shaken, affronted, or ravished by the first and second Post-Impressionist exhibitions. It was then that a generation which had been taught how to draw by Sickert learnt how to paint from Cézanne and produced the exciting transitional phases of Gilman and Spencer Gore and the early maturity of Duncan Grant.

There are, in this exhibition, some remarkable testimonies to the vigour and the audacity of that adventurous age: Duncan Grant's superb portrait of Virginia Woolf, Gilman's 'Black Hat', Ginner's 'Langham Place', Frederick Etchell's 'Head of a Woman'—a lovely picture—and Vanessa Bell's portrait of Quentin Bell as a child (this is perversely catalogued as 'Portrait of a Girl'—art historians of the future should not allow their imaginations to run away with them). But it is not easy, with the pictures that hang in Lisle Street before us, to capture the shock and the exhilaration of those years. We have grown up in the aftermath of the movement to which they gave birth and we have become so accustomed to pictures which can shock (even if they can do little else) that we cannot easily understand the rage of the philistines in the year 1912. Moreover a rather larger exhibition would have made this point more clearly. But if we are no longer shocked we are moved in a new way—as though by the faded, glorious and now devoted banners of old wars.

The exhibition is divided into two rooms and this division accords with Mr. Benedict Nicolson's preface in which the painters are divided into the followers of Sickert and those whom he calls the 'Fry Group'. Historically, the division is almost too inaccurate to be convenient; but undoubtedly one may discover two opposing tendencies at work, not so much between groups as within painters, tendencies which involve divergent notions concerning the painter's task. On the one hand there is the nearly anecdotic attitude of Sickert—his admirable interior 'l'Affaire' may stand as an example. Sickert, like his master Degas, accepts the world as he finds it with all its filth and all its inconsequence; he tears down the fourth wall of some squalid tenement and shows us, without comment, how the inmates conduct their lives.

Quite different is the almost decorative attitude of Roger Fry which in his own *œuvre* finds its noblest expression in works of applied art, for here, to borrow a celebrated phrase, the point is not to explain the world but to change it. In founding the Omega workshop—which is given its rightful place in this exhibition—Fry challenged the whole mean, cheap tawdry world in which Sickert rejoiced, seeking, in the work of Cézanne and his followers, the means to create a living style which could transform every artefact from the most subtle of easel pictures to the feathers on Lady Ottoline's bonnet. It is not surprising that the great painter and the great critic found themselves at

loggerheads and that both, in a sense, came to grief. Sickert, being obliged to reject Cézanne, found himself estranged from his followers; Fry saw his great enterprise founder, his ideas plagiarised and debased by commercial imitators who could not understand their meaning. That which united the two parties—if we may speak of parties where there were so many conflicts of loyalty—was, however, greater than that which divided them.

At the Café Royal you may see up to the end of this week an exhibition of surpassing interest which contains, amongst other splendid things, Gilman's 'Woman Combing her Hair' and Spencer Gore's 'Britannia Ballet'; these hang beside the paintings of Orpen and Pryde, Kelly and Sargent, works which make one understand how revolutionary Sickert was and how closely the insurgents of Fitzroy Street and Fitzroy Square were united in their opposition to the New English Art Club. We may well be grateful to the Café Royal for giving hospitality to so fascinating an exhibition; but, when one looks down from the gallery of the café upon a scene so radically transformed, one realises the soundness of Roger Fry's instincts. The tarnished caryatids of the nineteenth century served Sickert's turn well enough, but the twentieth century should have been furnished with a reputable style.

The absence of a style capable of embracing the figurative and the applied arts is certainly noticeable in those London Galleries which are exhibiting the works of modern painters but, fortunately,

it does not prevent the young from creating some very fine things within their private worlds. Witness the very high standard of the works by A.I.A. members and students of the St. Martin's School of Art which hang in the open air of Soho Square. There is also an encouraging exhibition of sculpture by students of the Royal College in the gardens of the Science Museum. Look, for instance, at Miss Barbara Balls' sensitive 'Esme' or at the ugly talented work of Mr. Ralph Brown, a young statuary who seems to have ventured into Mr. Jack Smith's devil's kitchen and to have found therein some pretty striking subjects; look, above all, at the 'Reclining Girl' of Mr. Stuart Osborne, you may examine it with delight from any angle—an examination in which most young sculptors fail.

Paintings by Miss Joan Eardley (one of which was reproduced in the last number of THE LISTENER) are to be seen at the St. George's Gallery and should not be neglected. Here is a painter who can be enchantingly pretty when she pleases but who has the strength and the integrity to attempt much finer and graver effects than those on which she could so easily rely. There are also good mixed exhibitions at Rowland Browne and Delbanco where, so it seems to me, Miss Margaret Neve excels amidst a very talented group of young artists. Finally, readers who live in the north-east should on no account miss the really impressive exhibition of the works by nine local painters which is in the Hatton Gallery, Newcastle. It should convince them that they may see some very fine paintings even when they cannot go round the London galleries.



Soup-tureen from the Omega workshop (Roger Fry): in the exhibition 'Fitzroy Street Retrospect' at the A.I.A. Gallery, Lisle Street, London

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Exploring English Character

By Geoffrey Gorer.

Cresset Press. 30s. With tables, 63s.

IN THE AUTUMN of 1950 the editors of *The People* approached Mr. Geoffrey Gorer and asked him to explore the attitudes of English men and women towards their sweethearts, their spouses, their children, the law, and religion. With some misgivings he accepted the invitation and the research department of Odhams Press was placed at his disposal. He wrote an article in the newspaper, asking for 'collaborators' who would be prepared to fill in his questionnaires. Some 11,000 forms were completed, and, in addition, a stratified sample of nearly 2,000 persons—not necessarily readers of *The People*—were asked a large number of the same questions by interviewers. He was thus able to compare certain of the written answers with those obtained by the other method.

Out of this enormous bulk of material 5,000 forms were elaborately codified and the rest were used for additional information. In this book Mr. Gorer gives us his results, carefully analysed by social class, sex, age, region and income group. It is in some ways a brave enterprise. The amount of work involved was formidable and the results are vulnerable. There are many people, and vocal ones at that, who resent this kind of social enquiry and they have a powerful weapon at hand. It is old-fashioned to condemn social science as such, but you can always say that any particular piece of research is not scientific enough. It will be said that Mr. Gorer's sample cannot be a fair sample of the inhabitants of this country because it is drawn from those readers of a particular Sunday newspaper who were interested enough to fill in the questionnaire. Much better, the implication will be, to do nothing unless you can employ impeccable sampling methods. Mr. Gorer has not been deterred by this stultifying perfectionism. He has taken the plunge, and it is quite ridiculous to suggest that the views of 11,000 readers of *The People* drawn from all over the country, of widely different social classes, and of all age-groups from the teens to the eighties, can tell us nothing about the views prevalent in England among all sections of the community, whatever Sunday newspaper they happen to prefer.

We hear about their relations with their neighbours, their views on love, sex, and marriage, their methods of bringing up children, their reliance on mascots and their attitudes to law and order. The subjects about which there is the most substantial agreement are the need for a fairly strict up-bringing and the respect merited by the law and its officers. Mr. Gorer lays stress on this when he expounds his hypothesis about the mainsprings of our national character. In the past, he reminds us, we were given to open violence and cruelty; now we are well-behaved and kindly. Perhaps, Mr. Gorer suggests, this is due, not so much to a diminution of our aggressiveness, but rather to its repression. Is this not why we are so concerned about non-violence? Such psychoanalytic interpretations are frequently illuminating and thought-provoking, but unfortunately they are hardly ever verifiable. They fit the facts, they organise disparate material, but what comparative studies could confirm or refute them?

Another hypothesis of great interest is concerned with the part played by the police in bringing about this change. They are chosen for their character, trained to a code of non-

aggression and rectitude, and they are 'generally felt to be benevolent, protective, and succouring'. Where this is the tone of an institutionalised body, may it not be that they serve as models for the public at large? In this connection Mr. Gorer refers to the role of the Communist Party in the U.S.S.R. and in China, whose explicit function is to serve as a pattern of behaviour.

The somewhat dull reading of statistics is enlivened, in every sense of the word, by extracts from those sections of the questionnaire in which the 'collaborators' were instructed to expand. The inclusion of these extracts brings to life the views categorised in tables, and at times they provoke a smile. A thirty-eight-year-old 'hard working man' from Croydon says: 'Am a version of Jehovahs Wittness. But I am a weak hypocrit mostly sexually', while the response of a sixty-one-year-old working class man from East Kirby shows that he has no doubts about the answer to the question: 'Do you think a young man should have some sexual experience before he gets married?' 'Yes', he writes, 'Its either that or mastication'.

The book is a mine of information, much of which, of course, we knew already, some of which confirms unpublished research, such as the finding that in some sections of the community there is a tendency for the husband to be drawn into the orbit of his wife's relations rather than the other way about. It would, however, be doing Mr. Gorer a grave disservice to suggest that he claims to have said the last word on the subject of the English character. For the first time we have a nation-wide survey of opinion on a large number of intimate subjects. His book is a challenge and a guide to future research. Let us hope that this pioneer exploration, for which we are indebted to the editors of *The People* as well as to Mr. Gorer, will inspire other explorations of a more detailed character.

China Phoenix. By Peter Townsend.

Cape. 25s.

This is one of the most substantial accounts of the revolution in China that has yet appeared. Its author's aim was 'to describe the course of the Chinese Revolution, its early exercise of power, and its effect on society and the individual'. This aim he achieves with considerable success.

The impact of the book comes largely from its personal and eye-witness character. 'I have confined myself', Mr. Townsend writes, 'to recording events which I witnessed myself, or the authenticity of which I have been able to corroborate with reasonable assurance'. It must be said, on the other hand, that both his selection of facts to record, and the conclusions he sometimes draws from them, suggest a disposition to shy away from major criticism of current Communist practice in China (though it is true he quotes Mao Tse-tung's dictum that 'revolution is not like doing embroidery'). Mr. Townsend's analysis of the upheaval in China begins from the view that 'in China conditions were such that Revolution was preferable to No Revolution'; and few people acquainted at first hand with the Kuomintang regime in its later stages will feel inclined to disagree. The author's service in China goes back to 1941, and began with the Friends Ambulance Unit which later seconded him to work with the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. In both these employments

he was brought into harsh contact with the unromantic realities of Chinese life on its lowest levels of impoverishment, hardship, and oppression. In the tragic nineteen-forties it seemed to most observers that there was no possible way out for the Chinese people. Now revolution has brought a new spirit to China, great changes, a miraculous growth in national self-respect and confidence, and fresh hope.

The contrast between the beginning and the end of the decade is extreme. It is impossible either to explain or make any fair assessment of the Communist achievement without keeping this contrast prominently in view. It is present on every page of this book. Mr. Townsend's lively descriptions of the land reform, of the efforts to better the status of women, of the People's Courts in action, of the old Shanghai and new Peking, are among the best things in his account of Communist China. He conveys impressively the sense of expanding horizon that now opens before Chinese who accept and move with the tide of Mao's New Democracy. It is the more to be regretted that, in this well-observed and informative work, he is so often led to gloss over and underplay the less pleasant aspects of the regime—those that are farthest removed from 'doing embroidery'.

The Empress Frederick writes to Sophie: with an introduction by the Queen Mother of Roumania. Edited by Arthur Gould Lee. Faber. 25s.

These letters from the Empress Frederick to the late Queen of the Hellenes, her daughter, have been published by the authority of the Empress' grand-daughter, Queen Helen of Roumania. The Emperor Frederick, it will be recalled, as Crown Prince of Prussia, had been the hope of the German Liberals against the authority of Bismarck. In 1858, he had married the Princess Royal of England, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. Bismarck, who believed that any modification of the Constitution would weaken the power of the Prussian Crown and through that the Empire, did everything in his power to discredit the heir to the throne, and in support of this policy allowed violent newspaper attacks on his English wife. When, after three months on the throne, Frederick died, his widow suffered the humiliation of being attacked from all sides by the Bismarck press and received no protection from her son, William II.

It must be admitted that the Empress herself had invited the hostility. Like her mother she was an emotional woman, but unlike Queen Victoria, she was very silly. She had no tact, she was reckless in speech, and she had too often let it be known that she remained English at heart and had no respect for the Germans. These letters do much to explain her unpopularity.

The recipient, her daughter Sophie, had in 1889 married Prince Constantine, heir to the Greek throne, later well known as 'Tino'. The letters do not add to what we know of the history of Germany in the 'nineties, but they shed an oblique light on the way of life of what was effectively one enormous royal family stretching from St. Petersburg to London. True, it is difficult for the reader to remember the identity of the princess behind such pet names as Mossy or Missy, or who is George, Big George and Georgie, without reference to the key provided by the editor. And they all have

soubriquets. Still it is fascinating to know that in the palace at Potsdam in the 'sixties the dirt and vermin were unspeakable, and 'W.C.s and water there were none' and that in the whole of Germany there were only four clean castles. It is also interesting to observe that the dowager Empress is like ourselves often short of money and is highly embarrassed by being made the Colonel-in-Chief of a regiment. There is a moment when Prince George of Greece is being spoken of as governor of Crete. 'How little money he must have to get on there. I wish he could marry a rich wife. . . . I know of no Princesses at this moment in Germany that have any money'. There is the strange episode when Princess Frederick Leopold falls through the ice on the lake, and for her failure to report the accident she and her husband are placed under house-arrest by William II.

Apart, however, from these curiosities of court life, the letters are sad reading. The Empress was an embittered woman. She had quarrelled with her three sons and was unpopular. She details her woes to her daughter, demanding sympathy. She is often angry and always querulous. Her views on all subjects are the trivialities of a commonplace, uneducated, and inexperienced person. She bore her last agonising illness for two years with immense fortitude. One cannot but be sorry for her, but of the great part of her wrongs, she herself was the author as well as the victim.

Greek Sculptors at Work

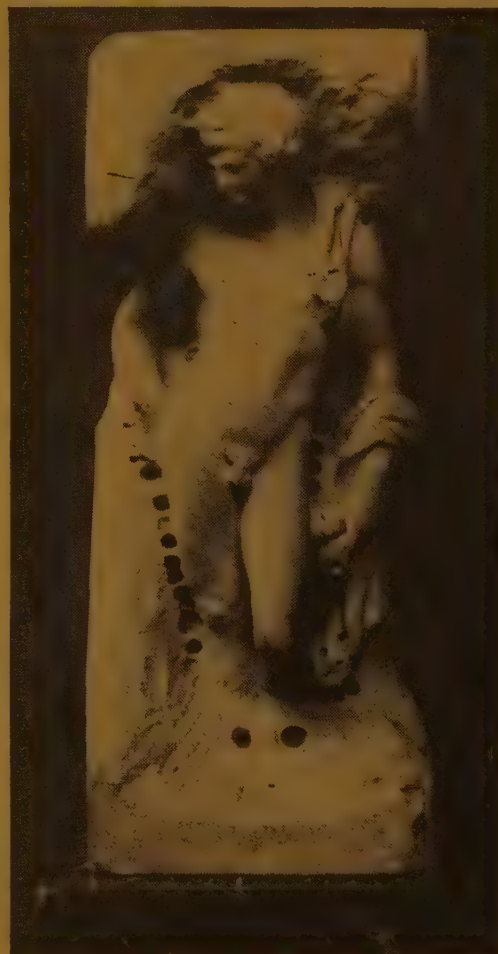
By Carl Bluemel. Phaidon Press. 25s.

Between 1505 and 1542 Michelangelo was at work—frequently interrupted—on the monumental tomb of Pope Julius II. Force of circumstances obliged him to curtail his first grand scheme and then further to reduce the curtailment. Consequently two figures originally intended for the monument were not used and remained in his studio in Florence, whence they were much later removed to a gallery. Both these celebrated 'slaves' are unfinished and therefore of the highest interest to sculptors because they illustrate the master's methods and bear the marks of his tools. Probably Auguste Rodin was the first of the moderns to leave some of his work purposely 'unfinished'—a sign of his profound admiration for the great Florentine. Since Rodin's day numerous other sculptors, including Jacob Epstein and Henry Moore, have preferred to stop work when statue or bust still had a very rough surface. Indeed today the preferences and whims of artists, rather than those of patrons, dictate sculptural mannerisms.

For that reason alone the essay and the sixty-eight admirable illustrations in this finely-produced book will be specially appreciated by artists, for Herr Bluemel is himself a working sculptor and an archaeologist of repute, whose book in its German original is familiar since 1927 to all students of Greek art. He has under review two kinds of unfinished statuary: figures made to fill the gables or pediments of Greek temples where the backs of statues, never visible to the spectator below, could be left unfinished; and—more interesting—statues which failed ever to get completed owing to sudden breaks in the marble or to a default from the contract. The latter range from an archaic Colossus, still prone in a marble quarry on the island of Naxos, thirty-six feet high, to a small fourteen-inch unfinished relief from Naucratis.

The technique of Greek sculptors is discussed in detail and a page illustrates the varied tools which they employed. Herr Bluemel is evidently familiar with a large number of unfinished figures and an appendix listing these would have made a welcome addition. There is, for example, no mention of an admirable unfinished Hermes

(illustrated here), which was shown at the 1946 Exhibition of Greek Art in the Royal Academy. The author comments on a most remarkable small grave-stele barely two feet high carved in Athens in the last quarter of the fifth century by a brilliant sculptor. It is the funeral monument of a young girl called Mynno. No father's or husband's name is mentioned and she is therefore a slave, who wears her hair short as fifth-century slave-girls did. The carving can take its place beside the figures of the Parthenon frieze. 'Probably no other people in history has honoured a servant-maid with a monument of such high nobility'. We do not



Unfinished marble Hermes, c. 330 B.C., belonging to H. Clifford Smith, Esq.

forget that the reproach of having been a slave-state is still levelled against ancient Athens!

Herr Bluemel repeats here an old theory of his that the famous Hermes of Praxiteles is not the fourth-century original from the master's hand but a mere second-century replica. He maintains that the back of the statue shows the mark of a tool which had not been invented as early as 350 B.C. This theory has long been discredited by others, who have pointed out that the statue's back, having suffered some weathering, was worked over at a later date. Philhellènes and tourists may confidently visit Olympia in the knowledge that they will look upon the real Hermes of Praxiteles.

Diary of a Self-Made Convict

By Alfred Hassler. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

The author was sentenced as a conscientious objector in 1944, and spent nine months in prison, mostly in the Federal Penitentiary of Lewisburg. That his offence—like that of the homosexual—should be punishable by a term of

imprisonment, is increasingly considered to be a grave injustice. Yet a grain of compensation is to be got from the fact that these unhappily convicted men are often the means of benefiting, eventually, the conditions endured by the prison population as a whole; since from their ranks spring those whose published criticism of penal methods helps gradually to bring about their improvement.

The particular interest of Mr. Hassler's book is twofold. First, his attitude towards even the worst of his experiences remains entirely unembittered, which stamps everything he has to say with the ring of absolute truth. Secondly, he had the advantage of experiencing in actual practice the most enlightened penal system of which America can at present boast. To this he constantly pays a deserved tribute. And yet he is unable to avoid the final conclusion that 'prisons are no good'. Which leaves the question of what is to be done with anti-social members of the community virtually unanswered; at least so far as any practical treatment is to be recommended. He prefers to place the responsibility upon the community itself.

Of the men who find themselves in prison, he says: 'They are cynics. They observe a society in which wealth, the acquisition of things, ranks as the highest value. . . . Overwhelmingly, they come from the part of the community that has come off worst in the socially approved expressions of this competition, so that to their scepticism is added frustration'.

Like so many recent critics, the author has little good to say of the glib psychologists who make out impressive-looking reports after a few minutes' talk with a prisoner. But he recognises with sympathy the chaplain's hopelessly difficult task; the result of his inevitably being thought by the prisoners to belong to the 'other side'. The book cannot but command respect for its author, and its American background need not isolate it from the attention of English readers. Such faults and stupidities as it exposes are common to prisons on both sides of the Atlantic.

An Economic History of England: The Eighteenth Century. By T. S. Ashton. Methuen. 18s.

Professor Ashton's book provides a promising opening to the series on English economic history to be written by members of the staff of the London School of Economics. Its promise may even have been over-fulfilled, for it is Ashton at his best and economic history at its highest. In it the reader will find a vast store of many-sided information, sometimes familiar, but often new, displayed with a dexterity free from all showmanship, and illuminated by a whole battery of lights: learning, common sense, and wit. Through seven self-contained chapters dealing in succession with population, agriculture, trade, banking, and labour, Professor Ashton builds up an image of English economy and society in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, which though orthodox in its main outline is refreshingly novel in certain essential particulars.

The book's most refreshing novelty is its freedom from the ancient conventions of thought and language. Although the author is a practised economist, he has kept his theory well out of sight. In this, as in all his other writings, he has used his economics to help him in the presentation of his argument and in the use of his terms. But he has resisted the temptation to build his story round points of theory or to present it as a historical contribution to a theoretical thesis. Indeed the reader would look in vain for any reference, open or concealed, to the general problems of economic growth so fashionable nowadays among the younger

economic historians. In short, this is a historian's economic history *par excellence*.

Considering how disputable the problems of the eighteenth century are apt to be and how rashly they were treated in the past, Professor Ashton's account is studiously circumspect. But for an open disagreement with Schumpeter over innovations and with Earl Hamilton over profit inflation, he does not castigate, and does not even cite, the writers with whom he disagrees. Most questions over which in the past opinions have clashed—the economic condition of the poor, the social consequences of enclosures, the Poor Law, etc.—he has tried to treat with the detachment of an uncommitted observer. This performance is all the more creditable for the obvious fact that he himself is far from being or feeling himself to be uncommitted. For all his scholarly caution and modesty, he knows how to pass verdicts; and his readers and admirers would have been disappointed had he this time carried his impartiality so far as to suppress the attitudes he has made his own.

These attitudes come out clearly in the book. He views the miraculous economic achievements of the eighteenth century as the product of economic forces acting spontaneously and unchecked. The essential conditions of the industrial revolution—what some historians would describe as its social pre-requisites—were, he implies, themselves conjured out of the past by the action of economic change. The march of innovation, the changing attitudes and behaviour of labour, the redistribution of population over the face of England, the new forms of business organisation, the provision of capital, the new social relations in industry, all these were fashioned and made available at the right time and at the right place, by economic necessity and opportunity, or by what Professor Ashton might, in a less guarded mood, have called 'supply and demand'. This indeed is a liberal view of economic history at its purest.

This purity adds much to the book's interest and attraction, even if on one or two points it may appear to border on fundamentalism. Thus, Professor Ashton is known to be a believer in the rate of interest and the part it played in the progress of industrial change, yet students less susceptible to the magic of the bank rate might often wonder if his susceptibility has not been excessive. That economic growth was dependent on the supply of investments goes without saying; that the timing of any given act of investment often depended on the fluctuations in the interest rates is equally obvious. But to assume, as he appears to do, that the lower rate of interest was the main stimulus and regulator in the general flow of industrial investment, is to carry the argument well beyond the point which a great deal of modern theory, much of modern experience, and, one suspects, the bulk of eighteenth-century evidence would allow.

However, no critic, however watchful, could catch the author relaxing his exacting standard more than once. For the rest, he triumphantly succeeds in reconciling the highest demands of scholarly detachment with the spice and relish of his personal philosophy. The reader will enjoy the book, as well as profit by it.

Shaka Zulu: The Rise of the Zulu Empire. By E. A. Ritter.

Longmans. 21s.

The year after the battle of Waterloo a young man named Shaka became chief of a small South African tribe, the Zulu, which owing initially to his own achievements has gained world-wide fame. By the time of his death in 1828 he had extended his control over the whole of modern Zululand and Natal, and in the process had conquered more than two hundred

other tribes. Of him, as of Napoleon, it can rightly be said that he changed the destinies of millions. He set in motion a series of forced migrations and aggressive wars that led to widespread havoc and devastation throughout the eastern portions of Southern Africa, and to the creation of other large conquest states by the Matabele in Southern Rhodesia, the Shangana in Portuguese East Africa, the Ngoni in Central Africa, and the Kololo in Northern Rhodesia. He revolutionised the local art of warfare by substituting the short stabbing-spear for the javelin, maintaining a standing army, devising new tactics, and enforcing a ruthless training and discipline that made the Zulu the efficient warriors who in later days took such heavy toll of the British. He was also one of the most bloodthirsty tyrants ever known in South Africa, the outstanding of his many deliberate acts of cruelty being the massacre of some 7,000 of his own subjects when his mother died, and it was perhaps appropriate that he himself should ultimately have been assassinated by two of his brothers.

The story of Shaka's career has often been told, among others by European traders who settled in Natal during the last few years of his life and who knew him personally. Mr. Ritter draws heavily upon the standard literature, notably Bryant's great historical work *Olden Times in Zululand and Natal*, from which he quotes or paraphrases many lengthy passages (he states in his preface that his 'literary adviser and publishers' persuaded him to omit the detailed acknowledgements originally forming part of the text). But, having been born and brought up in Zululand, he was also able to obtain new information from native sources, and although much of this is more favourable to Shaka than the facts justify it does at least show us that chief as seen by the Zulu themselves. The book is not as authoritative as Bryant's, and not nearly as vivid and satisfying as Mofolo's novel *Chaka*, but it is good popular biography, and well worth reading for entertainment though not historical value.

Racine and Poetic Tragedy.

By Eugène Vinaver.

Manchester University Press. 12s. 6d.

Many years ago, in a review not re-published, Mr. T. S. Eliot informed us that his favourite reading was Malory and Racine. The concatenation of names was interesting and evoked a superficial approximation of Pre-Raphaelites and Lebrun in Beardsley's illustrations to the *Morte d'Arthur*. How very far this was from Mr. Eliot's intention was immediately obvious; but the bringing together of these names is recalled by the fact that in the same publishing season Professor Vinaver has given us a critical edition of a Malory text and a study of Racine. Is it possible that a devotion to two authors, apparently so dissimilar, might shed a light on the notorious difficulties which English readers have with Racine?

It should be said at once that Professor Vinaver's little book is not an 'introduction' to Racine. It will convert no one, but it will certainly assist those readers who, already converted, need a guide to sharpen their perceptions. The author, who is not concerned like Lytton Strachey to communicate a personal taste, holds himself strictly to his elucidation of Racine's art as a supreme embodiment of the tragic sense of life. He has written a small book (130 pages), but there is nothing flaccid about it; every sentence demands close attention. And Professor Mansell Jones has translated these pages with beautiful precision—a remarkable feat.

Professor Vinaver has set himself a critical task of great delicacy, for 'a strange fate attaches to this poetry in that its very nature prevents

it from furnishing the proofs of its singularity'. In order that he may arrive at the 'living core, that purity and fullness of tragic sense which drama can accompany, as speech accompanies song', the critic must patiently expose those subtle transformations by which Racine, conceiving himself quite simply as *honnête homme* and poetic artisan, revealed 'within the framework of a tradition, a new universe irreducible to that which surrounds it'. This is an undertaking which exercises all Professor Vinaver's exact scholarship, and the present essay owes much to the author's previous work on Racine's marginal notes to Aristotle and the Greek dramatists.

The chapter on Racinian language and versification is of great value. 'The more this language retained the impress of an age-long civilising tradition, the more propitious it was to the radiation of nuances—to those affective associations which form around the central and often abstract meaning of the word a periphery of feeling. . . . Words have a poetic life only in so far as they condense their own history'. All the refinements of Racine have a single purpose: that he may become an impersonal mask through which the tragic daemon can achieve its voice. Professor Vinaver, in one of his memorable phrases (and the book is full of them) can speak of Racine's 'prodigies of art achieved without the poet emerging from the shadows in which he stands'.

'One can make those who act', says Racine in his marginal notes, 'act with full knowledge of what they are doing . . . or one can arrange that those who commit an action of this nature, do indeed commit it, but without knowing what they are doing. . . . There is still a third manner, which is to arrange that he who is going to commit some horrible action through ignorance, recognises, even before the action, the horror of his action'. Malory's figures of primitive tragedy, 'not knowing what they are doing', attain their tragic grandeur at the last when we look back and see how all was pre-existent and fore-ordained; and we are appeased. This tragic destiny in Malory is in some sense an English prolegomena to tragedy carried to its furthest limits in Racine. For Racine presses forward into the final lucidity of Phèdre, and 'the torment of Phèdre', writes Professor Vinaver, 'remains unfinished. . . . Upon her descent to Hades before the affrighted shade of Minos, the suffering of Phèdre awaits her arrival and will never resolve or exhaust itself'. Is it here, at 'the living core' of pure tragedy, that English taste is timid and reluctant to commit itself?

Voices from the Past. A Classical Anthology for the Modern Reader.

By James and Janet Maclean Todd,

with a Foreword by Sir Maurice Bowra.

Phoenix House. 30s.

For centuries, English, French and German scholars having been dedicated by piety to try to pass on to their own countrymen the riches and the wisdom of the ancient Greek and Roman literatures, their purpose being to reveal the very foundation of the European way of life, at least in its cultural and intellectual aspects, and not a little in its moral basis too. The difficulty always has been to bring out not only that vast content, but also the liveliness, the beauty and the dignity of the two media, the Greek and Latin tongues perfected as an art by the poets, dramatists, philosophers, and scientists who flourished during those astonishing centuries. Translations are like veiled women on a foggy day; or flowers pressed in an album. Even so, the work created in that Golden Age was so potent that it stirred one after another of its votaries to true statement and creative impulse.



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This is particularly so among the English translators, from King Alfred to Dr. Gilbert Murray and Sir Edward Marsh. Innumerable minor scholars, while at this task, have been illuminated by a light that gave them a temporary genius.

The present anthologists have been at pains to seek out the best of these minor workers in the field, as well as to pillage from the famous translators, such as Shelley, Pope, E. V. Rieu. Where they have been dissatisfied with all versions of passages that they *must* use, they have done new versions. What is remarkable is that these new versions are so good; quick, lucid, passionate. And those are qualities ubiquitous in the classical writers, even the orators.

Further, the choice has been made—not sporadically, but with the intention of presenting, so far as is possible, a view of the whole civilisation, as represented in Greek and Roman literature (with a dash of mathematical and physical writing) together with bits and pieces of colloquial survivals in the form of epitaphs and anonymous fragments. The result is impressive in its unity, and the compilers may be congratulated on having put a gallon into a pint pot: a miracle which would seem impossible, and indeed is so, since the book gives the impression of constantly over-flowing and flooding the reader. And that is what is wanted; especially if the reader be athirst, a self-educating, soul eager to enlarge his or her intuitions of what the great classical past contains and still has to offer. Here, succinctly displayed, is what is meant by a sense of proportion, limitless vision and both mental and moral courage, and finally, the felicity of clear and direct expression.

Not the least valuable part of the book is Sir Maurice Bowra's admirable foreword, which in three paragraphs states what precisely the book sets out to do, and the worth of that object. He writes with the terse, authoritative clarity of B. L., perhaps because he has drunk from the same source. The compilers, too, partake of that virtue because they have been instructed by their own proximity to the spring. Their connecting and exegetical notes, which link the pieces and set them in a historical and biographical background, are part of the whole articulation of this unified book. Often they are startling in their suggestion, as, for instance, where they say of Heraclitus: 'From his own words we can suspect that he somewhat relished his reputation for obscurity: but it is possible to gain some idea of his system as a whole and to imagine its revolutionary impact; and it is interesting to compare it with that of Bergson'. Such juxtaposing of ideas abounds in the book, throwing reflections from our contemporary life back to the past, preventing us from undue adulation; reminding us of our debt.

Frontiers of Astronomy

By Fred Hoyle. Heinemann. 25s.

Mr. Fred Hoyle has, without undue diffidence, assumed the mantles of Eddington and Jeans. His *Nature of the Universe* was the most successful popular book on astronomy published since those masters departed. His latest book is of a different character. It is a comprehensive summary of the rich astronomical discoveries of the last decade or so. It is, as it were, astronomy's 'new look'. The material is exciting indeed. The advances are as startling in the knowledge of such a mundane subject as the earth as in that of the depths of the great cosmos, the total universe. The theory that the earth has been formed by the collecting together, or accretion, of particles in a dust-cloud round the sun has been worked out in considerable detail. The particles were mainly of stone, ice and iron and were compacted together to make the core of the earth. The water of the oceans has come from this original ice, which was

melted and exuded from the core. But there is now evidence that the primeval particles also contained oily substances, and that the petroleum pools, like the ocean water, originally came from the earth's core. In fact, it is quite possible that the depths of the earth contain an untapped ocean of oil, and that dire prophecies of the early exhaustion of the world's oil supplies are wildly wrong.

While the new astronomy promises in one direction to strike oil, in another it has discovered a new standard in radio transmitters. The radio astronomers have found that two colliding galaxies in Cygnus are generating radio waves with about one million million million million million times the power of the B.B.C.'s strongest transmitter. The colliding galaxies produce more radio waves than light, and therefore can be detected by radio even when their light is too weak to be seen. Thus with their aid the depths of space can be probed beyond the limits of the visible, and radio has increased by at least ten times the volume of the universe accessible to observation.

Mr. Hoyle's latest book is right in the front line of knowledge. But in this case he seems to have been too absorbed by the excitement of collection and discussion to pay sufficient attention to the art of presentation. He lacks the poetry of Eddington and the music of Jeans. But he bustles with the traditional competence of a Yorkshire craftsman, which is more in keeping with our times. It is perhaps significant that a citizen of the Welfare State should have produced a Steady State theory of the universe. Mr. Hoyle is a man of our age, and we are fortunate to have his rough but kindly hand to guide us among the strange new wonders.

The Natural History of Mammals

By François Bourlière. Harrap. 21s.

The Evolution of an Insect Society

By D. W. Morley.

Allen and Unwin. 18s.

The Blue Continent. By Folco Quilici.

Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Professor Bourlière concentrates on the habits of mammals and on the relations of individuals and of populations on their environment. 'Unfortunately the observation of mammals in nature is a delicate matter; most small species are nocturnal, and all display caution and shyness towards the observer. To obtain results of interest requires much ingenuity and patience—and sometimes luck'. But during the last quarter of a century many naturalists have devoted themselves to the study of mammals in the field, and have increased our knowledge of these animals considerably. The author has not tried to write a manual on the biology of mammals but a plain introduction to the comparative ethology and ecology of wild mammals. Although he has assumed that the reader has a basic knowledge of anatomy, physiology, and taxonomy, he has written a book that will be of much interest to the amateur naturalist as well as to the trained specialist.

Mr. Morley's book is based upon the study of a commune of Wood Ants occupying a wooded heath in southern England. An ant commune consists of a number of nests, which are not isolated communities, as in many ant-species, but form part of a larger whole although each is a self-sufficient unit. Every commune consists of one or more larger and older nests, and a series of from three or four to a dozen daughter nests which are linked together by clearly defined, well-populated trails: a commune comprising a dozen nests has a population of over a million ants.

Each nest within the commune is a 'complex

society in which the well-being of each individual ant depends not solely on its own efforts, but also on the efficiency with which other ants carry out a wide range of different tasks. . . . The relationship between the different nests within the larger social unit, the commune, likewise affects the well-being of each individual nest and ant'. In the summer a large nest contains 'some ten thousand grubs which require constant feeding and cleaning, a slightly smaller number of eggs which must be licked to keep them moist, and several thousand cocoons. . . . The complexity of the social organisation that is necessary to keep this vast community fed and protected, and to keep the nest cleaned and repaired is enormous. The author attempts to analyse and explain it by considering the organisation of the colonies of other ants that have a simpler social structure, and he gives his views on the possible course of the evolution of complex communities, a process that has taken an immense period of time for its perfection, for fossil ants have been discovered that lived seventy million years ago.

In *The Blue Continent* Folco Quilici recounts the adventures of an Italian expedition to the Red Sea for the purpose of taking underwater photographs. Although the expedition included a 'scientific group' it was frankly a stunt organised by a band of devotees of the sport of diving and underwater hunting. They had a lot of fun and brought back a collection of very interesting pictures many of which, both coloured and monochrome, are reproduced in this book, which also includes much technical information on auto-respirators, aqualungs, and underwater cinematography. The Mediterranean temperament, however, is not satisfied unless things are dramatised to the limit: harmless sharks and mantas are made out to be dangerous monsters, and many of the pictures show inoffensive creatures being harpooned, stabbed and done to death—one of the colour pictures shows a dying manta transfixed with a harpoon leaving a cloud of blood in the water. And now they have invented jet propulsion guns and curare harpoons—the devil fish is evidently no native of the 'blue continent', but an intruder from above.

Life In Our Hands. By Pamela Bright.

Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.

Several good books on service with the R.A.M.C. during the late war have appeared but we have had fewer opportunities of seeing war through the eyes of a nursing sister. Sister Pamela Bright served in a Casualty Clearing Station established in Normandy on D-day, and she unfolds a swiftly moving account of the good but unobtrusive work carried out by the medical and nursing service behind the lines on that dramatic day and during the subsequent advance. Fortunately she possesses the restless curiosity of the writer as well as her skill as a nurse. A woman who loves her fellow men, she is particularly fitted to follow her calling.

But in spite of her fondness for her fellow creatures no sentimentality is allowed to intrude into her book and that is why it is such a good description of life in a C.C.S. The sudden arrival of a large new convoy of wounded, the crowded resuscitation tent, the hopeless cases for which nothing can be done except to relieve them of their pain, the sorting out of cases, the endless procession into and out of the operating tent, the equally endless fatigue relieved by countless cups of tea, the comradeship of nurses and doctors working themselves to a standstill after a battle, all of these things are excellently portrayed. This is a book that should be presented to every young woman 'thinking of taking up nursing'.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Come Out of the Garden, Maud

TELEVISION AT EIGHTY in the shade is no new experience for those who frequent its studios. For a critical viewer, its enervating influence prejudices pleasure and inhibits judgement. Such noble evenings as we have lately had call for Cortez staring, with or without the wild surmise. The best part of the programme from the 'dig'



As seen by the viewer: the gates of Chirk Castle in 'Music from the Castle' on July 13

at West Kennet Long Barrow was a lingering shot of a Wiltshire horizon, with the camera tracking along an enticing skyline. Television is not for the eagle-eyed. It is for the claustrophobic mass struggling against the imprisoning dullness which is the context of their living. We have not needed Geoffrey Gorer's *Exploring English Character* to convince us of that reality. Television is triumphant evidence of it. His sociological accountancy is largely an analysis of the viewing figures.

Whether or not the temperature much affected viewing attention last week, the B.B.C. provided several good programmes, among them some telerecordings of a much improved quality. Earnest thought and experiment have obviously been applied to that problem. The results are encouraging: the late-night Ascot programmes, reproduced from the daytime transmissions, were remarkably clear in definition. Whether there was virtue in reproducing, also, Peter O'Sullivan's falsetto winning-post excitement may be only a matter of personal preference. With us in mind, he might be asked to moderate it. His up-soaring emotions at that point become too personal to be coherent. No one, except Peter Dimmock, can read a race more skilfully, but there is the fact that O'Sullivan's voice comes over to us with a curiously persisting sadness, as if, like De Quincey at the dance, he is aware of the innate 'passionate melancholy' of the form of human preoccupation to which he happens to be attached.

By contrast, the television cricket commentators, describing the play at Old Trafford, were briskly blazered and three-initialled in manner. Brian Johnston talked his way cosily, as usual, through the game without forgetting the value of the pause. E. W. Swanton held

his daily inquest with the utmost decorum. Bringing in a verdict of my own, I doubt whether television, which is a convenience to outlying enthusiasts, will prove to be finally advantageous to the game.

There is no opportunity here to elaborate that opinion, which gives way to a more important one, namely, that it would be a service to us all if the B.B.C. embarked now on a series of public discussions of the possible effects of television on a variety of national activities. Its impact is about to be intensified. *Verbum sat*



'Of Men and Mountains' on July 13: a climber crossing an overhanging ledge

Photographs: John Cura

sapientii. The Gardarene simile is not a pretty one, anyhow.

Television's cultural responsibilities were discharged with more than ordinary formal compliance. There was a most attractive programme from Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, with music, enjoyable, from a small orchestra of accomplished players, and discourse, admirable, from Clough Williams-Ellis. The music was one of my pleasures but none of my business. I pass on to remark that the castle interior, with its splendid furniture, was set before us by cameras used with discretion and taste. We were involved in no sense of trespass. That is unusual in programmes taking us into the stately homes. It showed television employing its extraordinary power of accessibility, giving its great audience contact with new experience. Television, which

is the enemy of privacy, is the friend of millions who are afraid of it.

Looking at art masterpieces is a source of pleasure to which television first introduced many of its viewers, and if the programme from the summer exhibition of the Royal Academy alienated some tastes undoubtedly it supplied enjoyable enlightenment to others. They received it from about half-a-dozen paintings, a few pieces of sculpture, and, more explicitly, from interpolated talks by two R.A.s, James Fitton and Charles Wheeler. These two made the occasion, bringing to it not only knowledge but common sense, and not trying to seduce our understanding with theories. The programme was embellished, fore and aft, by the presence of the P.R.A., Professor Richardson, who does his best to live up to the reputation of his two immediate predecessors in that office. At the end he saluted the memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose portrait was shown on our screens. Maybe, when colour comes to television, Burlington House will have even greater days.

'Buried Treasure', the archaeological programme from Wiltshire, is likely to have disappointed some viewers, who may have been misled by a *Radio Times* paragraph about the cameras being present at 'a critical moment when, it is hoped, final secrets will be wrested from four recently discovered burial chambers'. The hint of potential drama was not unmerited; the great expectations it aroused were unfulfilled. While the cameras were certainly there, actuality was not so overpoweringly obvious that it could not have been done on film. There was plenty to see that was interesting but nothing to feel, no suspense. Those points made, it will be fair to say that it was an instructive and enjoyable half-hour, capably annotated by Glyn Daniel, Stuart Piggott, and Richard Atkinson.

Two films from France were worth their required showing time, even if it did mean coming in from the garden: 'Paris 1900' and 'Of Men and Mountains'. The first-named had been on our screens exactly a year ago and I for one had forgotten most of it, except the shots of Renoir, painting with arthritic hands, and the modern Icarus, poor fool, stepping to his death off the Eiffel Tower. Ranging over its first decade, the film made us feel strangers in our own century. The commentary, spoken by Monty Woolley, was poor stuff and its music maddeningly harsh on the ear. 'Of Men and Mountains' demonstrated rock-climbing rituals that were breath-taking. Despite, too, many old prints and its misuse of the Pastoral Symphony for background music purposes, the film had its heroic moments, confirming a kind of courage that is both rare and inspiring.

'Panorama' confronted us with the exhausting death penalty topic, sustained in a lopsided argument between Jeanne Heal and Dr. Letitia Fairfield. Canals, after that, seemed a makeshift theme, for all the sentiment one could muster in favour of them. John Betjeman got in some well-chosen remarks but his moment did not come until he unexpectedly fished a brand-new straw hat from under his chair and put it on. Instantly, he looked ten years younger. Thereafter, the subject for many of us, I shouldn't wonder, was Luton.

REGINALD POUND



'Royal Academy of Arts' on July 15: the President, Professor A. E. Richardson, with a bust of Sir Gerald Kelly, former President

DRAMA

Childish

UP THE WHITE ROAD from the station I almost ran—a Cockney, rarely escaping from London town. My one idea was to reach the hotel, dump my bag, extract swimming trunks, and get into the river. But inside, the hotel was strangely dark, curtains drawn, a hush, with faint music filtering. A wake? Still figures sat there, I could see, though blinded still by the sun's afternoon glare. Figures 'all silent and all damned', watching a grey little rectangle, a horse-show in dappled greys and blacks. 'Idiots', I shouted as I made for the river. But I was wrong to do so: if only because there were children present.

One should avoid telling children that what they think fun is not like the 'real fun' you used to have. Half the trouble in modern criticism comes not from younger critics having no standards but from their too much listening to the wailings of our ageing Jeremiahs. 'Ah, me boy, sad for you that you'll never see acting' (or hear singing, or whatever it is) 'like we did'. Some of this is true; much sheer rot. Just as the body remembers love and warmth and forgets toothache, so it is the Destinies and the Ellen Terrys who are recalled (and rightly) while the quite awful performances by the now forgotten Signor X or Mr. Y are quietly dropped out of memory.

So I will not make comparisons between my own nursery games and Children's Hot Weather Television. Or will try not to. But how can anyone suppose that the drama offered to children in this glorious week of summer between the hours of five and six could begin to compare with the kind of drama manufactured by children of the pre-television era at that same wonderful time? That was the hour when grown ups or nurses vainly called for you to come in to tea. And you, lying hidden and convulsed with secrets, waited till they had given up, in order to resume: hanging Injuns by the rubbish heap, running through the Spanish Inquisition in the boiler shed, or branding a cargo of slaves behind the laurels.

'It's a gap in the coral', said the wise young Bob, as the longshore boat in 'The Pelicans and the Pirates' shot safely through the reef into calmer waters. A gap in me, somewhere too. This boat scene, even viewed with the most fervently imaginative eye, would have looked slightly false. But on the island the doings were fairly interesting. Has television ever tackled a really first-rate Robinson Crusoe? Islands seem to bring out the best in so many people.

For Sunday the children were offered a charade-like saga with a title 'Remember Jane', which might have suggested something racier to readers of our leading picture daily newspaper. But this Jane, nicely played by Gail Mackenzie as a square-faced miss from St. Trinian's in an exiguous gym dress, was merely a peg to hang three historical fancies on. Like many of us, Jane was irked by the need to sit indoors and work on a fine July night. 'Oh, bother this prep!' was the burden of her plaint. And then: 'If only the past could be abolished, we needn't do any silly old history', etc.

Old hands, but not necessarily children, must have known what was in store. Music ('Green-sleeves', I think, but I may be romancing myself), slow fade, and we are among the stately



Joyce Heron as Millie Crocker-Harris and Peter Cushing as Andrew Crocker-Harris in 'The Browning Version' on July 12



'The Whole Truth' on July 17, with (left to right) Griffith Jones as Lewis Paulton, Margo Lorenz as Marion Grey, and Sarah Lawson as Brenda Paulton

yew hedges where Lady Jane Grey, no other, was having a secret word with her first love and later behaving rather like Juliet about a new betrothal. Our Jane presently woke up, and was chided by her cake-making mama for inattention. But the dozing fit was on again in a matter of moments. This time, a dive into cold water in 1770, which was a much more original little sketch. Last of all, and rather belatedly, the charade aimed at 'Lowood School' where the little Miss Brontës died like flies. The standard of production was high, bar such occasional accidents as the heroine's face being eclipsed by a rose bush at the high point of the drama in the first episode. This was forty minutes or so which might have been less profitably spent, and perhaps offered itself as a key to unlock childish imaginations.

Supposed adults later that night could have watched a piece called 'The Whole Truth' by Philip Mackie which was ingenious even if not wholly plausible, and concerned the usual adult problems, i.e., who stabbed the nice young husband's mistress in the back and could a wife believe her man's denials, when the other fellow made it so plain where the guilt lay? The answer was: not till this second cad had strangled the Dutch maid, one Deenie, a maddening young person but useful, domestically, and rather too perfunctorily disposed of by strangling with a nylon stocking. For some minutes, we kept hoping she would sit up again. But no, poor Miss Ellen Blueth spent the rest of the play

prone behind the sofa. When Mrs. Paulton saw her, she 'quickly sensed', with a woman's intuition, that all was not well, that perhaps her husband was not a murderer after all, that perhaps the smooth young baronet's son was really the evil one. Soon she was nearly saying it. 'You're mad', she cried, adding, 'mad, mad, mad'. Then, with a young wife's tendency to exaggerate and exacerbate, she particularised: 'Stark, staring, raving mad', she said, choosing her words. This threw the murderer into a panic. Rightly he had miscalculated in giving the police a wrong telephone number which didn't exist. The police car arrived in time.

If one was prepared to swallow some implausibilities, this drama made exciting watching and played the game. Stephen Harrison produced well and Arnold Bell (Detective-Inspector), Griffith Jones (falsely accused), Sarah Lawson (wife who braved the real killer), Margo Lorenz (deserving corpse), and Michael Brill (villain), all did nicely.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sunrise and Sunset

DAWN IS GOLD behind the lime-trees. 'O, what a beautiful morning!' a voice cries in effect as a motor-car vanishes, taking with it the son of the house on his way back to Moscow and, I suspect and hope, to a difficult future. Certainly, in his personal cherry orchard an axe is laid to the root of the trees. The play that ends in this fashion is Leonid Zorin's 'The Guests' (Third)—produced by John Gibson—direct from modern Russia, and, so it seems, a useful straight drama of a hollow man's impending collapse. It has some extra-theatrical interest as a document of domestic life in the Soviet Union; but in performance we were concerned,

first of all, with the clash of father and middle-aged son, the discomfiture of a rancid fellow whom his old father calls 'a hard-hearted merciless stranger'. Paul Rogers acted this visitor from Moscow with a complacency so rasping that I felt more than once like taking a running kick at the radio set. However, his father (Baliol Holloway) said all that was needed, and in Mr. Holloway's particularly incisive manner.

It was odd to listen to the piece, fresh from a reading of 'The Cherry Orchard'. One expected Firs or Ephikhodof to enter at any moment. These people were more determined than their theatrical ancestors, and by no means so fecklessly charming. Yet one did imagine, as with Ustinov's Russian Colonel, that the old wistfulness would return at the drop of a fur hat. Even such phrases as 'We helped to create the Revolution' and 'I am a Soviet citizen in my Soviet land; I will fight for justice' did not stop one from recalling another kind of Russian drama, another provincial house, the far-away and long-ago that is only just round the corner. Zorin's play, translated by David Tutaev, has a queer naivety at times, but on Sunday night it did keep the attention. As Arnold Bennett said, 'One is always maliciously interested in the failures of pompous and conceited persons'. Stephen Murray was an excellently straight-spoken journalist; and one can count upon the truth of Mary Wimbush.

'The Seven Who Were Hanged' (Third), from an older Russia, also ends at sunrise. Here

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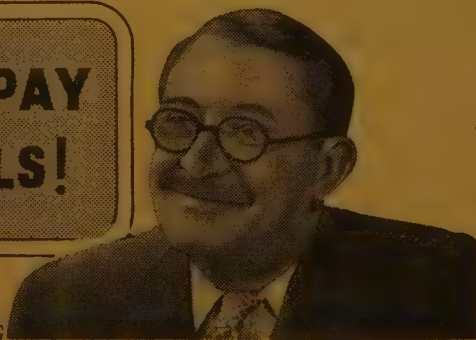
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THE CLIMATE AND THE CATERER

By PODALIRIUS

At the dining-tables scattered throughout our great Commonwealth you will find few concessions to climate. True the Englishman, in summer, when his wife remarks that all those lettuces he put in are bolting, will consent less grudgingly than he used to eat a leaf or two; but only if he is allowed to complain regularly that the stuff tastes like wet brown paper. Again, the Briton retired from India eats curry as keenly in winter Cheltenham as he did in the summer Punjab, where it was supposed to cool him down. You have only to think of the hardy Australian tackling a full Christmas dinner with the thermometer at 110°F. to realise that we Britons never never never will be slaves, and certainly not to the weather.

Yet we change our clothes to suit the climate, and just possibly those nutritionists are sound who think that we ought to change our food as well. Of course opportunity is a fine thing. Readers in the Arctic Circle, indeed, may feel tempted to quote the old Eskimo saying: "If you knows of a better walrus, you catch it." Most of us, however, live within hail of the grocer and greengrocer, and are even on bowing terms with the butcher. We ought to be able to suit our fuel to the weather, and so get the best out of these handy little runabouts in which we reside.

Take cold, now. In cold weather that convenient energy-unit, the calorie, comes into its own. What we need to warm us up is a good quickly-burning fuel, and plenty of it. Now the foods which give most calories to the ounce, and help us to bear the cold best, are the carbohydrates—the sugars and starches. Meat and other proteins, surprisingly enough, depress our tolerance to cold: and the Eskimos might fairly be cautioned against all their walrus and seals were it not for their passion for blubber. Fats, it seems, are a good second to carbohydrates in keeping out the cold, and every visitor to the Arctic comments on the appetite he developed there for fat. Walrus, and similar Arctic table game, moreover, are rich in vitamins; so the Eskimo is perhaps right in thinking them a meal in themselves.

Those of us living in more temperate zones may reasonably combat the winter with some more cereal or an extra slice of toast-and-butter at breakfast, a buttered bun at eleven, scones for tea, and an extra helping of potatoes at lunch and dinner. This will be bad news for those who are slimming. They may have to shiver in a great cause, consoling themselves with the reflexion that shivering is as good a way of slimming as any.

In hot climates the reverse holds. Energy output is less, either because clothes are less hampering, or because it is impossible to work for long, or because people think about working and then decide against it. They need plenty of water, preferably with a pinch of salt in it, to replace the salt lost by sweating; and they need more meat than people in cold climates, partly because they are apt to get fevers which deplete their bodily protein, and partly because they lose some of the products of protein breakdown by sweating. The Chinaman who sticks to rice is getting a splendid diet for an Eskimo. In a better organized world they would swap. P.

Hot weather or cold, protein-rich or high-calorie diet, the basic need for everyone everywhere is proper (i.e. complete) nutrition—by far the most important factor in health. As all modern nutritionists know, Bemax (stabilized wheat germ) is of invaluable assistance in ensuring this. It is the richest known vitamin-protein-mineral supplement.

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dawn glimmers over the snow, and it is the last sunrise the doomed criminals will see. One wearies a little of the mind-inspection and cell-inspection in the early part of Andreyev's work, adapted now by Sasha Moorsom; but the tale moves into intense pathos when the five would-be assassins, with the brigand and the murderer, are in the droshkies and on the train to their place of execution. Thoughtful casting, and balancing of voices, did much for the piece, directed by Christopher Sykes. Betty Hardy and the narrator, John Glen, between them made one feel for the mother crazed with grief. Among the condemned, Brenda Dunrich held the mind most potently. And I shall remember Norman Shelley as the haunted Minister of the early scenes. One could imagine—as somebody said of a London production of the play long ago—that behind the Minister 'generation after generation of oppressors loomed'.

In 'Purgatory' (Third) it is a haunted night. This ghost story, Yeats' last play but one, contains only 250 lines, yet it has a shivering force beside which work six times the length must falter. Here are nothing but a ruined house and a bare tree; here the old pedlar (once the son of the house) who had killed his evil father long ago, stands with his own son; he watches the ghosts of his parents as they pursue their eternal repetition of the past. They are 'souls in Purgatory that come back to habitations and familiar spots'. When the boy says unwittingly to his father, 'So you have come this path before?', he knows nothing of the tale, doom-laden, that Yeats is about to relate with extraordinary spareness and effect. T. St. John Barry (with Sheila Brennan as the boy) got everything from a poet's play of sheer imaginative terror into which Yeats, so he said, put his own 'conviction about this world and the next'. It is a far remove from the days of the murmuring dark, the incantations of the wool-white foam, the years like great black oxen, and the long-throated swans.

The world is very much with us in 'Mr. Sampson's Sundays' (Home), a play by Robert Oton Bolt which contains perhaps the most reasonable stage clergyman since 'The Holly and the Ivy'. We meet Mr. Sampson on successive Sundays. He has been, through forty years, the vicar of a church that seems likely to be closed; he has two daughters wildly dissimilar. I felt less as if I were listening to a play than as if I had been allowed to overhear a passage in Mr. Sampson's life. This—can we call it a study in motives?—may be undramatic. Still, it is curiously compelling in its quiet way, and it had the benefit of Leon Quartermaine's silver voice, the quick appreciation of Marjorie Westbury, T. St. John Barry again (a valuable radio voice), and a fitting production by Mary Hope Allen. We have had dawn behind the limes, dawn across the snow, and moonlight on the ruins. This last piece will rest for me, I think, in late afternoon sunlight behind the plane-trees.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Thunder on the Left

IN EARLY YOUTH I was given a book, *The Travels of Sir John Mandeville*, full of surprising and fascinating information about the Holy Land, Turkey, Tartary, Persia, Egypt, and India. It was clear to me, even at that tender age, that Sir John, who as I read on became a more and more real person for me, was richly endowed with a quality invaluable in a romantic writer, namely an indifference to cold and sober truth, but it was not till much later that I learned with a sense of personal bereavement that he had never existed, that his work was a mid-four-

teenth-century compilation by an unknown writer, probably French.

In two talks called 'The Muslim Discovery of Europe', Professor Bernard Lewis gave Sir John the tit-for-tat by telling us something of medieval Islamic views on the west. Like Sir John's work, Professor Lewis' broadcast was a compilation, but whereas Sir John has been explained away, we had the documentary evidence of RADIO TIMES that it was actually Professor Lewis who was delivering these very interesting and entertaining broadcasts. Reception was not too good here for either talk, and from time to time I missed critical dates and the names, strange to this pair of western ears, of Islamic writers, but this was a minor handicap on my enjoyment of the curious material of Professor Lewis' talks. A more serious result was that I sometimes failed to catch whole phrases of the somewhat un-English English of the five readers who read the numerous extracts from Islamic literature. All of them read well, and with good reception this would not have happened; in fact, their 'foreign' accents would have had, and indeed did have, the advantage that they impersonated the views of the various authorities quoted.

But this matter of accent made me question once again whether B.B.C. programme producers are sufficiently alive to the strain which even moderately bad reception imposes on the listener when English is not the broadcaster's native language. For instance, some excellent talks by German philosophers and scientists with a wonderful command of English idiom have more than once baffled me in recent times. But the case was not so bad as this, last week. The first talk, 'The Northern Barbarians' (meaning us westerners), told of the report of an explorer of a date before the first Crusade who, after an extensive tour of western Europe, stated that an island in the Western Ocean, evidently England, was full of good things, including white sheep (hardly a black one among them), whereas he had never heard worse singing than in Schleswig, like the barking of dogs.

In the second talk, 'The Infidel Invaders', we learned that although the Crusades and the increase of trade between east and west brought us more closely to the notice of Islam, Islam was not interested in these barbarian intruders. It regarded itself as the civilised world and the Franks, as it called us, as outsiders, and we returned the compliment. Such is human nature. Nevertheless, the recorded facts and anecdotes illustrating the nature of the Franks became, as the years passed, more plentiful and more detailed and a few of them actually to our credit.

Reception was faulty, indeed infuriating, when V. C. Clinton-Baddeley read Pope's 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot' earlier in the week. If he had been reading the opening scene of 'Macbeth' the crashes and cracklings of thunder and lightning would have been nerve-racking but not out of place, but they proved a singularly inappropriate accompaniment to Pope's urbane and cultured verse, which Mr. Baddeley read so well that I steelled my nerves and listened through to the end.

Fortunately for both broadcasters and listeners the descriptive programme of 'Woburn Abbey' came both from and to a peaceful summer evening. This type of broadcast, when undiluted by irrelevant details and scraps of conversation with embarrassed natives, can be extraordinarily effective in conveying the very atmosphere of a place. In actual fact it is, of course, impossible for a listener to construct from mere words anything but the vaguest impression of houses, rooms, or outdoor scenes, but when the descriptions are done skilfully in graphic, economical language, the listener, recalling the broadcast later, could almost swear that he had visited the place himself. Audrey Russell is a dab at this

sort of thing, and so are David Lloyd-James and Henry Riddell and Gladys Scott Thomson; and the Duke of Bedford supplemented description with some interesting and sometimes very amusing historical information. The result was a wholly delightful broadcast.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Cheltenham Festival—I

THE CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL of British Contemporary Music has entered the second decade of its existence with a full fortnight's programme, beginning on Monday of last week with a chamber-concert sponsored by the B.B.C. In the past such events have been severely handicapped by the unsuitability of the town hall, which is too large both for the music and for the audience it attracts. The 'Big Classical' of Cheltenham College, which was used this year, provided a better, if not ideal, concert-room, and listeners at home certainly had no cause for complaint. For I found that Schubert's Octet in the second part, to which I listened at home, sounded better than the first part did in the hall.

A new work by Lennox Berkeley had been commissioned by the B.B.C. for the occasion—a Sextet for clarinet, horn, and strings. This is full of attractive, melodious music, fresh in thought and limpid in texture, with just the right degree of emotional feeling. It was well played by the Melos Ensemble, led by the clarinetist, Gervase de Peyer. With the addition of a bassoon and a double bass, the players then gave a performance of Howard Ferguson's admirable Octet, which can stand up beside Schubert's without blushing. It is a more serious work, less of a divertimento than Schubert's, whose genial mood and gay poetry eluded the performers. The string-players had bad luck in the matter of breaking strings, the Variations being interrupted by one such casualty. Perhaps it was a judgement upon them for snatching at the rhythms in the scherzo. Altogether, Schubert's blithe music had a rough crossing.

For the rest, it has been Verdi's week, with 'Aida' at Covent Garden and 'Nabucco', part of which was broadcast in the Welsh Home Service from Sadler's Wells. Verdi's first success deserved a larger outside audience—it had as big a one as the theatre could hold on Thursday—for the performance was excellent. The chorus, who play such an important part and have better music than any Verdi wrote for them in his early years, sang as a Welsh chorus can. The action was dominated by Hervey Alan's Zaccaria, an impressive prophet in voice and figure, by Ronald Jackson's Nabucco, and by the villainous Abigail of Ruth Packer. With these three parts so admirably sung, and with the Bournemouth Orchestra, mercifully saved from dispersal, playing finely under Charles Groves, the apocryphal melodrama held one enthralled.

'Aida', which tells much the same story in an Egyptian, instead of an Assyrian, setting, was due for a broadcast. For, oddly enough, this most popular of Verdi's mature 'grand' operas was not included in the celebrations of 1951-52, and has not, I think, been heard complete on the air for many years. A possible explanation of this neglect is the poor quality of last week's performance, which made listening to it something of a penance to those who know and love the music.

There were some redeeming features, notable among them Tito Gobbi's splendid Amonasro, resonant, incisive, and dominating the two scenes in which he appeared. There was Ebe Stignani's performance in her final scene, where Amneris suddenly came to life, after three acts of bland indifference to what was happening around her, and gave us a real taste of the grand

*Lincoln Cathedral*

No great thing is created suddenly—

—EPICETUS (1st CENTURY A.D.)

Everything grows. A tree, a house, a school of thought — each adds to itself carefully with the years. And when they are great, their growth is the more leisurely. A nation, a religion, a way of life — these ask not for generations, but for centuries.

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Great organizations, high traditions, are best made slowly. Which is to say, great responsibilities are assumed gradually and with understanding.



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manner. Not that Stignani did not sing beautifully the whole evening. She poured out a stream of lovely and finely inflected tone, but not till that last scene did one feel a real dramatic impulse behind her performance. There was the King of Michael Langdon, who has developed a noble bass voice, even in quality and flexible in movement. Another resident member of the company, Joan Sutherland, distinguished herself in the small part of the Priestess.

Antoinetta Stella, the Aida, is a newcomer and a young singer of great promise with a beautiful voice. But she is as yet a long way from giving the performance in this exacting part that we have a right to expect in a special production

at the height of the Covent Garden season. One is not so foolish as to hope for a reincarnation of Destinn, who could sing the last two and a half bars ('*la terra scorderem*') in one breath as an unhurried, beautifully moulded phrase. But one might expect that the soprano should show more feeling for the shape of her phrases than Miss Stella did, and that she should not so often end a phrase with an ugly squawk—the word is hardly too strong—caused by a sudden final pressure of breath, in other words, a lack of proper control. There was all too little dramatic energy in her singing.

And what can I say of a tenor who ended the first two phrases of '*Celeste Aida*' with a

horrible upward scoop, and even then did not arrive in the middle of the note, except to advise him to spend part of his fee on buying Caruso's recording of the aria, and to listen carefully to his clean attack on those two F's and his dead accurate intonation? When he can produce, with his strong and potentially fine voice, a colourable imitation of Caruso's performance, we can begin to consider his claim to sing the part of Radames. In mitigation, the singers may plead that they received little adequate support from the orchestra under Molinari-Pradelli—how different was their performance in '*Salome*'! The chorus, too, sang indifferently in the second act.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Music under the Aragon Princes

By GILBERT REANEY

A programme of music of the Aragon Courts will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Wednesday, July 27 (Third)

THE internationalism of French medieval music is a remarkable phenomenon. Of course it is true that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries students flocked to the University of Paris and the Cathedral of Notre Dame as the great cultural and spiritual centres of western Europe, and they must have carried home with them a knowledge of the wonderful polyphony created by such musicians as Léonin and Pérotin.

But even secular music not written in the international language of the Church achieved a remarkable diffusion. In the fourteenth century, minstrels studying at the schools of minstrelsy in Paris, Champagne, and the borderlands of what is now Belgium carried new songs far and wide. Minstrels and clerics alike were great purveyors of music, and though it is convenient to distinguish between these two classes of musicians, they are often united in one and the same person. It was usual for musicians to be in minor orders, but that did not stop many of them from writing innumerable secular works. Sometimes wandering minstrels who gained favour with a royal personage were eventually included in the choir of his private chapel, which may explain why many late fourteenth-century composers started by writing secular works and ended with sacred ones.

The minstrel was usually a singer and instrumentalist who did not depend on notated music for his performances. He had a small repertoire of songs in his head, though he needed to replenish these constantly at the schools of minstrelsy. The more learned cleric, on the other hand, often wrote down the music, though more from a desire to preserve it than from any need of it in performance. Musical manuscripts in the Middle Ages were very often source books (though manuscripts for practical use do exist), and like the minstrels they often covered immense distances.

This was certainly the case with the Princes of the house of Aragon, for John I of Aragon (1350-1395) is known to have not only ordered musical manuscripts, instruments, and performers from Avignon, but also to have sent certain minstrels from Barcelona to the schools in the north at least once and sometimes twice in a single year. That his musicians were mostly French and came from the north is proved by the records in the royal archives at Barcelona. King John ruled over Aragon and Catalonia, while the other two important members of his house, Charles of Navarre and Gaston Phébus of Foix (1331-1391), ruled over Navarre and Béarn respectively. We know little as yet of Gaston's musical interests, though he certainly borrowed instruments and performers from

John, and was very loth to part with them when the time came. Charles of Navarre also possessed minstrels, but we hear little of them, and in any case interest is focused on the courts of Gaston Phébus and John I owing to the number of pieces we possess which are addressed to these princes.

These two courts, at Orthez and Barcelona respectively, attracted musicians and poets from far and wide. A famous writer like Froissart was sufficiently dazzled by Phébus' munificence to make the hazardous journey from Hainaut to Orthez, where Gaston heard him read his verse romance '*Méliador*'. The account particularly enjoyed the short lyric poems interpolated in the romance by Froissart's patron, Wenceslas of Brabant, and no wonder, for we know that the music performed at the Aragon courts was mainly set to *ballade*, *rondeau*, and *virelai* texts.

These musico-poetic forms were popularised by the famous Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377), and the musicians of the Aragon princes were the undoubted heirs of this tradition. There is in existence a musical manuscript which is an Italian copy of an original which probably came from Orthez or Barcelona, to judge from the number of pieces in it dedicated to Gaston Phébus and John I. It would appear to be much the same kind of manuscript as one ordered by John of Aragon from Avignon in 1389, and out of its 113 pieces, 100 are *ballades*, *rondeaux*, and *virelais*, which John I goes out of his way to say are the best of all.

Another factor of importance in late fourteenth-century music from the Spanish frontier region is the presence of the papal court at Avignon from the beginning of the fourteenth century till the end of the schism in 1417. The manuscript mentioned above, which now resides peacefully at the château of Chantilly, contains two works dedicated to the first schismatic Pope, Clement VII (1378-1394), and these are probably from the repertoire of the papal court. The Avignon Popes were in constant communication with Gaston Phébus and John I, and two motets in one of the Avignon manuscripts are dedicated to Gaston Phébus. These may be dated about 1360, partly on account of their style and partly because of their subject-matter. In any case the motet was largely displaced by polyphonic song between 1370 and 1380, and most of the Chantilly pieces may be dated about this time, some even later.

If secular music predominated at Barcelona and Orthez, this was perhaps due to the extraordinary popularity of instruments in the late fourteenth century, and John I at least had a large collection of shawms, bagpipes, viols, harps, chekkers, etc., with the best men to play

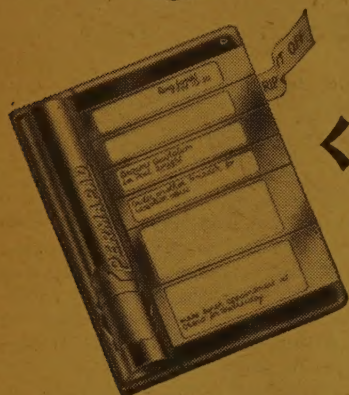
them. Although only one singer was usually needed in the three- and four-part *ballades*, *rondeaux*, and *virelais*, he had to negotiate the most complicated rhythmic patterns and syncopations, while the instruments usually had somewhat simpler parts. The lowest part, called the tenor, formed the foundation, while the contratenor, moving in the same register, usually displayed the capabilities of some instrument. In the popular four-part compositions, a triplum or third accompanying voice usually moved above the singer in rapid quavers. Sometimes a second vocal part replaced the contratenor or triplum.

Although the texts of these pieces often adhered to the well-worn theme of unsatisfied love, many were devoted to the praise of famous men, among them not only our two princes and the Avignon Pope but also the Duke of Berry and Olivier du Guesclin. The refrain usually contained some special reference to the great man, e.g., his motto (*Febus avant*) or his standard (*qui porte d'or et de gueules gonfanon* = John I); and at this point the music usually emphasised the words by a series of chords, as it were a fanfare of trumpets. In such ways was the vanity of the Aragon princes satisfied, though their interest in music was unbounded. How else can we define Gaston's two-hour session with Charles VI, listening to a minstrel who pleased them greatly, and John I's constant search for the finest instrumentalists? John was in fact a composer himself, though none of his music is extant, and Gaston is reputed to be the author, if not the composer, of the famous Béarn folk-song '*Aqueros montinhos*'.

The minstrels who came to the courts of Catalonia and Béarn and whose names appear in the manuscript of Chantilly are predominantly French, though names like Trebol and Rodericus are Spanish enough. The archives at Foix have already yielded valuable information about such wandering musicians as Jacomi de Sentluch (known in the Chantilly MS as Jacob de Senleches), Gacien Reyneau of Tours (a member of the royal chapel at Barcelona from 1398 at the latest till 1429), Jaquet de Noyon and Rodriguet de la guitarra (Rodericus?). The true identity of many musicians may be concealed beneath clownish nicknames (e.g., Grimace) and anagrams (e.g., Borlet = Trebol, S. Uciredor = Rodericus, Mayhuet = Mathyeu).

The element of medieval fantasy is not lacking at the Aragon courts, which give us an excellent picture of the overripe, late medieval, musical culture at an extreme stage. Artificial it may well be in its excessive preoccupation with detail, but it has the peculiar charm that we find only in a *fin-de-siècle* art, the art of a Gibbons, a Gesualdo—or even a Beethoven.

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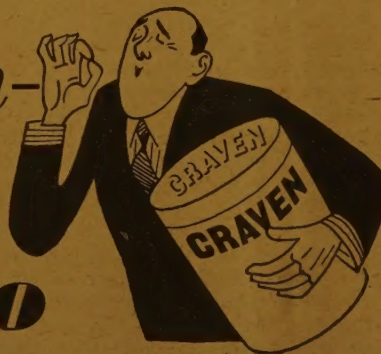
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOME-MADE JAM

AS YOU KNOW, in jam-making our aim is to produce a preserve of good flavour and colour, and one that sets well without being too stiff. Many factors contribute to the perfect result: the fruit, the sugar, the proportions, the cooking, and the utensils used for cooking.

It is essential to have a pan with ample room for the amount of fruit and sugar used. It should not be much more than half full when you begin the cooking, for the jam rises very rapidly when it starts boiling. The pan should be in perfect condition, and it should be thick to prevent burning. Some cooks rub a little butter on the bottom of the pan as a further precaution to prevent burning. If you use the old-fashioned brass or copper pan, then special care must be taken to see that it is scrupulously clean. Iron pans are not recommended. A large-sized fireproof casserole kept for the purpose is good for jam-making and the aluminium preserving pans are excellent. A wooden spoon with a long handle is most practical, and for removing the scum use a silver-plated spoon; do not use a metal one, for metal spoons discolour the jam.

The fruit should be in perfect condition, neither under- nor over-ripe. If it is under-ripe or over-ripe the jam is liable to ferment. The fruit should be picked when the weather is dry. If it is wet when picked, the jam is liable to go mouldy. This does not mean that you cannot wash certain fruit. The fruit must be prepared

according to kind—fruits such as plums and gooseberries can be washed, but soft fruits, such as raspberries, are better not washed. If you do not grow your own fruit ask a reliable green-grocer to advise you when the fruit will be at its cheapest and best for jamming. Advantageous buying depends so much on weather conditions, and, apart from the incomparable flavour of home-made jam, it is a real economy to make it at home if you can buy the fruit at an economic price. In the making of my own marmalade this year I saved at least £4.

Use either preserving sugar or lump sugar. Inferior sugar produces much scum, and this prevents that clarity that we like to see in jam, and the preserve, particularly jelly, does not set as well. Preserving sugar and lump sugar, too, is less likely to crystallise. Now, to the proportions. These vary slightly according to the kind of jam you are making. Choose a recipe from a reliable book, and do not alter it. The least amount of sugar produces the better flavoured jams. Most fruits can have water added. The exceptions are loganberries, strawberries, and raspberries. But when water is added it makes a difference to the quantity of sugar used. Never add more water than the recipe says.

ANN HARDY

WASHING FIBRE BRUSHES

When washing fibre brooms and brushes, the stiff-bristled kind, I keep an old skewer as a first line of attack: it digs out all the bits of cotton

and so on which get buried in the bristles. To wash, simply shake the brush up and down in warm, soapy water, plus a knob of washing soda. Then rinse it in plenty of fresh water, finishing with cold. In the last cold rinse you can restore the stiffness of the fibre by using about one tablespoonful of salt to a quart of water. Afterwards, give the brush a thorough shake, and put it to dry, so that water does not sink into the roots and make the wood sodden.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

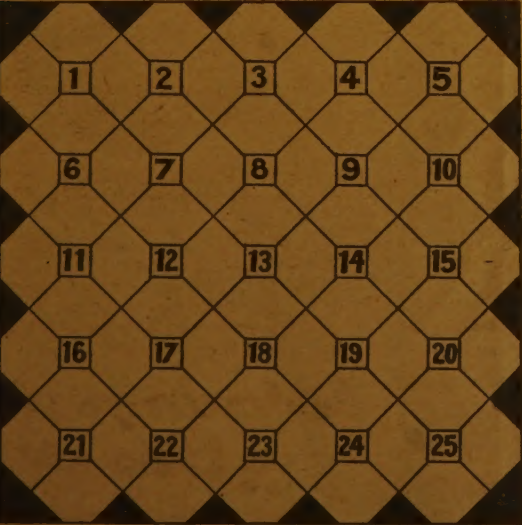
- T. T. PATERSON (page 87): Senior Lecturer in Industrial Relations, Glasgow University
- GEOFFREY SAWER (page 89): Professor of Law, Research School of Social Sciences, Australian National University, Canberra
- DAVID GREEN (page 98): author of *Blenheim Palace, Country Neighbours*, etc.
- A. G. LEHMANN (page 101): Professor of French, Reading University; author of *The Symbolist Aesthetic in France, 1885-1895*
- A. J. P. TAYLOR (page 102): Lecturer in International History, Oxford University; author of *Bismarck, The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918*, etc.
- ROBERT BALDICK (page 104): Lecturer in Modern Languages, Pembroke and University College, Oxford

Crossword No. 1,316. Queer Fish. By Wray

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The solution comprises twenty-five linked words of four letters each, the letters being arranged clockwise at the four points of the compass round the appropriate numeral. Numbers 3, 8, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 18, and 23, are all fishes. The remainder are all clued normally in four groups of four words each, but as clues are not given in numerical order each group constitutes a miniature jig-saw. Accents, punctuation, etc., can be ignored. The unlinked external letters can be arranged to form: TEMPERAMENTAL M. FACTOR.



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

- CLUES
- GROUP 1-2-6-7
- (a) You are left in the dark when this demon swallows the sun or moon
 - (b) This hunter is a goat-sucker
 - (c) Surely a strange description for a pack of hounds
 - (d) Homestead with common rights and a small grove of trees
- GROUP 4-5-9-10
- (a) Intoxicating liquor used in India causes the Rev. Barton to turn back
 - (b) Gun which might remind one of a bird
 - (c) Weight of a dog without tail is 36 lbs
 - (d) 'We have a few —s of ducks, bred in the moors' (Rev. G. White)
- GROUP 16-17-21-22
- (a) Do the Swiss distribute this wine gratuitously to their unemployed?
 - (b) A censor who hankered after a certain city's 'deletion'
 - (c) Seems to exhort one to action, though of small value itself
 - (d) A company of badgers, etc., tear away

- GROUP 19-20-24-25
- (a) This spinster was Madame Mantalini's forewoman
 - (b) In the forefront of a Paris riot is a running bird
 - (c) Ancient individual ministering to Hindu's spiritual education
 - (d) The poilu changes his cap on the main road

Solution of No. 1,314

T	R	A	M	D	I	C	H	P	H	I	L
K	I	N	D	F	I	A	C	R	A	T	A
I	G	N	O	E	S	S	O	I	T	E	R
T	A	L	L	A	G	E	L	S	H	A	S
E	L	Y	T	R	E	D	S	M	E	L	O
B	L	E	W	A	N	T	I	A	R	T	I
A	L	S	I	Q	U	E	R	T	R	E	N
R	A	S	C	M	I	T	H	R	O	N	T
R	I	C	K	I	N	A	N	O	R	D	E
A	D	E	L	R	E	S	P	T	H	E	R
G	E	N	I	E	N	T	E	S	T	A	I
E	S	T	R	S	T	E	N	T	O	R	M

NOTES

Chain Words: 701. IGNORABLE—Elbo(w)ing*; 702. BLEWART; 703. ART-IS-TE(chnique); 704. STENTOR; 705. TORMINAT; 706. INANELY; 707. ELYTRON (only ter*); 708. RONTGEN; 709. GENISTA*; 710. STAITHE; 711. THE-RAIT (trim*); 712. MITHRAS; 713. RASCALS (lascars*); 714. ALSIRAT; 715. RA-TAFIA; 716. FIACRES; 717. RES-pi-T-e; 718. ITERANT; 719. ANTIQUE*; 720. QUERENT; 721. ENTER(er) IC-(enure C*); 722. RICKSHA; 723. S-HAS-TRA(nge); 724. TRAMMEL; 725. ME-LODI-C(hanical . . .); 726. DI-CHORD; 727. OR-DERED (dreed*); 728. REDSKIN; 729. KINDEST; 730. ESTATE; 731. ADELPHI; 732. PHILTRE; 733. TRENTAL; 734. TALLAGE; 735. AGELESS*; 736. ESSOIGN.

Down: 1. RIGA(doon); 3. CAS(sock)ED; 5. HAT-H(at); 19. Stort-hing; 20. END-EAR.

* Anagram. † Hidden

Prizewinners: 1st prize: H. S. Cotterill (Manchester, 8); 2nd prize: D. B. Candlin (Stockport); 3rd prize: I. C. T. Lupton (Taunton)

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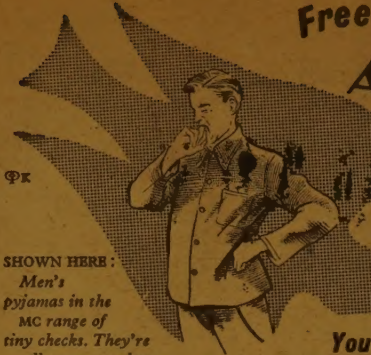
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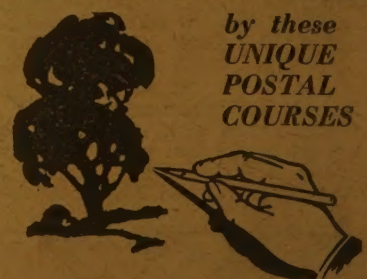
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